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A PHYSICAL CATASTROPHE TO AMERICA.*

"There is no sufficient reason why we should assume that the subterranean forces may not, in ages to come, add new systems of mountains to those which already exist. . . . Why should we suppose the crust of the earth to be no longer subject to the agency which has formed the ridges now perceived on its surface? Since Mont Blanc and Monte Rosa, Sorata, Illimani and Chimborazo, the colossal summits of the Alps and Andes, are considered to be amongst the most recent elevations, we are by no means at liberty to assume that the upheaving forces have been subject to progressive diminution. On the contrary, all geological phenomena indicate alternate periods of activity and repose: the quiet we now enjoy is only apparent."

THAT is what Alexander von Humboldt said in his work on the Cosmos, which I was reading in the spring of 1894—a youngster of twenty—in the city of Toronto, Canada—I, who, in this year, 1960, have almost alone of my contemporaries reached a ripe old age, and propose to give such account as I can of the great movement which, in a few dreadful seasons, changed the face of the earth.

It began without any premonition. There had been a period of great disturbance on the sun; huge sun-spots had come and gone during 1892 and 1893; there had been conjunctions of the planets; sundry small comets had appeared and vanished; singular auroral displays had testified to unusual magnetic activity on and around the globe; the summers had, in several countries, been abnormally dry and hot, while in others the winters had

been unusually cold. Violent storms of wind and rain had produced unwonted disasters. Financial troubles had testified to the over-population of many regions, the world's annual increase having reached ten millions of souls. The nations were uneasy, having great fleets and enormous armies in readiness for war. All mankind was in a state of anxious suspense, expecting strange developments of a political nature, instead of which the New Era was ushered in by physical occurrences of a most surprising kind.

Many of the steamships which entered the port of New York, then one of the finest and most thriving American cities, reported singular appearances at sea, about a hundred miles from shore. The ocean had, in places, a turbid look; in others it was seen to be blackish, while unusual currents were noticeable, as if some commotion were happening in the depths. In a few weeks alarm was transferred from the waters to the land, for it soon became apparent that the harbors along the whole Atlantic coast of the United States, now, alas, physically riven in twain, were rapidly shoaling. Steamers began to touch bottom in places they had been wont to pass over without hesitation. Dredges failed to maintain the required draught at important wharves. Bars and shoals began to block navigation, and the few

*This article is written by Arthur Harvey, Esq., and respectfully dedicated to Sir Henry Howarth.

ships that were imprisoned in various ports were considered lucky when reports arrived of the wreck of hundreds of others on new reefs and uncharted sand banks. From Boston to Savannah, a general elevation of the ocean floor and of the land along the coast was in rapid progress, and the axis of elevation was soon ascertained to be nearly upon the meridian of 75° west longitude and to extend at least 100 miles on each side of it.

This was considered very curious, because a number of highly scientific people had recently persuaded themselves and many followers that old theories of a fluid or viscous interior of the earth, which claimed for it a crust not over twenty miles in thickness, resting on material melted by fervent heat, were quite mistaken; that the liquifying power of the internal heat of the earth was so counteracted by pressure as to cause extreme solidity. "Rigid as steel" was indeed their favorite expression for the mass of our planet.

Curious, or not, and whatever may may have been the theories, it is certain that, while the first intimation of the change occurred in April, 1894, by the end of May consternation had seized the "dwellers by the sea," and by mid-summer, ocean navigation was completely disorganized, foreign commerce ruined, domestic trade paralyzed. As the disturbance progressed manufacturing ceased, currency vanished, and panic held undisputed sway. But this anticipates.

There was, at first, little interference with the traffic of railroads, with the working of telegraphs or even ocean cables, and a convention of learned men, meeting at Washington on the invitation of the President, whose name was Cleveland, to discuss the phenomenon and advise the now alarmed Government as to its probable duration and scope—what, in short, to do about it—had no trouble in assembling. It was, however, but too soon made evident that there were

few men among them of original or independent thought; the facts had already been gathered by observers all over the country who had some common sense (if they were 'mere amateurs'), and there was much discussion of a somewhat bitter nature, not free from personalities.

There had been two schools, one called Uniformitarians and the other Cataclysmists.

The Uniformitarians had contended for a very slow rate of change, without any violent commotion. They could not deny that the North Cape in Norway was rising, but they said it was only four or five feet in a century, while the elevation was less to the southward of it, dying away to nothing at the Naze. They held it impossible, at this stage of the earth's history, for any notable growth to occur—that, in brief, however the hills may have skipped, whether like young rams or not, during the youth of the world, nothing of the sort could take place now—the ocean basins, with their great currents, the continental masses, with their mountain ranges, plateaux and river valleys, were fixed and stable, and no change was possible, except by miracle, while in miracles they utterly disbelieved. Little washings away of a sandy shore here, or a *coulée* there, were admitted; but this was like the growth of a twig or two in the forest, which was itself sempiternal, but for human agency, and that they believed but transient.

The Cataclysmists, on the other hand, contended that the earth had by no means arrived at a state of restfulness. They pointed, like their adversaries, to the geologic record. It proved, they said, its want of uniformity by its very imperfections, showing by the frequent super-imposition of a late stratum upon an old one, without a sign of intermediate layers, that elevations and depressions had never been continuous or even rhythmically alternate, but that irregular oscillation was the law. How could such move-

ments occur in a rigid body; and if it were once fluid within, but had now become rigid, at what period did oscillation cease? One of their best arguments was urged by a Canadian geologist, who had been at a place on the St. Lawrence called Bic, where there were cliffs of conglomerated sea-beach gravel. Within the larger stones of this conglomerate were smaller ones, which when fractured showed still other pebbles inclosed in their substance. Four times, within a recent period, it thus appeared, this beach had been compacted of the same materials, in the same place; four times elevated and four times depressed. A mammoth found there in an old sea beach, thirty feet above the present one, showed that the time of elevation was either still in progress or had quite recently come to an end. Further, it was shown that earthquake tremors were still frequent, that there were from thirty to fifty of such shakings of the earth each day, in one country or another, and this proved that if the earth was a corpse, it was, in slang phrase, a lively one.

To the writer, it seemed that those who thought the earth contained a liquid interior under a moderately thick crust had the best of the argument, but that none had touched the real cause of the great movement we were witnessing: viz., the local cooling of a portion of the heated mass under that crust. The polar ocean current, flowing from Greenland southward along the coast; the effects of the clearing of the forests during the previous 100 years; the general translucency of our air, which would easily permit local radiation into space—these and other circumstances might easily cause more rapid cooling and greater contraction on and under the American seaboard than elsewhere in the world. The fluidity of the interior could hardly be like that of water, and the transference of heat would probably be less easily and rapidly accomplished than in the case of water in a cistern. There-

fore it was credible that a thousand miles of surface — only four per cent. of the earth's circumference—might be affected by the shrinking of the core immediately underlying it, without disturbing the remainder of the planet, which would of course tend to wrinkle the envelope, on which we all exist. This small change of form might even be the cause of the slight periodical changes of latitude which had been lately noticed as a consequence of the difference between the polar axis and axis of gravity.

Small comfort we had, then, from the meeting. A report was drawn up, but the printing of it was, as usual, delayed, and was ultimately abandoned. The truth was in this crisis clearly manifested to us all, that the system, which had grown up during the last fifty years, of teaching people at the cost of states or municipalities, had brought into existence a class who professed science that they might live by it, instead of living as scientific men of old were wont to do, that they might advance the sum of human knowledge. Molière's phrase might be travestied "Serve Science, to live; do not live to serve Science." The speech of the people shewed they had a perception of the change, for they called these professors "scientists," a new coinage which seemed to imply limited knowledge, and which, though it befitted the numerous salaried teachers in educational institutions, would belittle such great men as Herschel, Galileo, Franklin, Watt, if applied to them.

These people, meeting at Washington, spent the time in acrimonious disputes. Before adjourning they composed them, outwardly, and passed resolutions highly complimentary to each other, but, as to the cause of our troubles, they came to no understanding, and as to the probable duration and scope of the change which was in progress they told us nothing (following the advice of a well known writer who counselled his friend "not to prophesy unless he knew"). Measures for

preserving life, law, and property, therefore, had to be devised by more practical people, who, though not "scientists," had some common sense, and could translate their thought into action.

The elevation did not cease for all the papers delivered at the convention, and the next curious feature to frighten us was the gradual change in the water-shed of many tracts. As the land kept rising along the indicated line, which was soon seen to be a new and important anticlinal axis in the course of development, it turned the drainage of many a lake basin and plateau from the Atlantic towards the west, and when heavy rains occurred, it was made evident by the behaviour of numerous brooks and rivers that novel hydrographical features would have to be reckoned with. As the St. Lawrence was shoaling at a place called the Traverse, below Quebec, it seemed certain that the trend of the waters from the great lakes of the interior would soon take a southern direction, and it was hoped this might happen without submerging extensive areas, though it was on the other hand feared that if the new discharge through Lake Champlain should not be sufficient, Montreal would be inundated, and Lake Ontario be filled to the level of its old beaches. . . . But why should the ever changing apprehensions be recounted when the results are known? The fact soon thrust itself upon us that as New York was rising, New Orleans was sinking, that the whole northern shore of the Gulf of Mexico was subsiding, and the unwelcome conviction that the sea was about to invade the Mississippi valley sent a shudder through all who thought of the calamities that must ensue.

The Governments of the United States and Canada acted in this emergency with commendable vigor and promptness. They formed a united committee for joint action, called out their militia and volunteers, seized the railroads and other means of trans-

portation, organized a continental commissariat, and forcibly conveyed most of the population of the threatened lowlands to the regions of highest elevation. No pen can describe the scenes which occurred meanwhile. The whole proceeding was too deliberate to give occasion to panic; the masses moved in obedience to orders, with dull resignation, taxing to excess the carrying capacity of the rolling stock, of the steam-boats on rivers, and every other species of conveyance. Many, of course, preferred to await events, and thousands of these were afterwards lost. Many prepared to move by easy stages, on foot and in their own vehicles. The deaths from exposure, from over-fatigue and even famine, as well as from excitement and anxiety, were indeed countless. There was woe to the maimed, lame, halt, puny, weak in body. Diseases of old and new forms swept off untold multitudes, young and old, white and colored. The soldiery behaved with self-sacrificing bravery; they formed, of course, a sort of rear guard between the fleeing population and the stealthily advancing waters. The observers at the signal stations of the weather bureaux were in constant communication with headquarters, and the movement of the millions was therefore on the whole well directed by competent authority. The map which recent travellers have made may well be presented here, as an examination of it in comparison with the old map of the continent will save many words. It shows no more Mississippi; the Gulf of Mexico and Hudson Bay are united by a new Mediterranean, whose billows cover what were the undulating fields of Indiana and Ohio, the prairies, too, of Kansas, Illinois, Iowa, Dakota, Minnesota and Manitoba, not to speak of Louisiana and the States on the lower Mississippi. This new sea has only been explored of late, for its features have only just begun to be established with permanency, its gulfs are uncharted still, and only here and there

can we say there is a harbor or an attempt at lighting its most dangerous promontories.

The years 1894 and 1895 are those now always referred to as the Years of Migration; it was active during

abeyance and summarily vested in the State, which requisitioned food, shelter, labor of every kind, as needed, and as for payment—why, not even gold was thought of value to the individual and was gladly surrendered



two seasons, and no true settled comfort was had for many more. The governments had to substitute military for civil law in many districts; dictatorial powers were conferred upon the governors of states and provinces; all rights of property were placed in

to the government for the purpose only of buying things from abroad that were absolutely needed, such, for instance, as quinine, raw sugar, supplies of sundry seeds.

In wars or in ordinary floods and famines, gold had seemed to be the

chief object of desire, for all people felt instinctively that the conditions were but transient, and that when the stress was over, gold would still be valuable, therefore, during such periods it had a purchasing power equalled by nothing else. But when the stable earth itself lost its balance, when years of uprising and down-settling only indicated more years of disturbance, individualism was seen to be useless, and salvation lay in communism. When giving ceased to be a merit or a credit, taking was punishable by death, and the paramount authority, with its deputies and well disciplined officials, took the place, seemingly for ever, of father, mother, landlord, shop-keeper, judge and priest—then gold lost its charm, and, as being of national, not of personal, benefit, was less useful than an old blanket, or a little tea. We gave up *wanting* money, nor have we ever reverted to its use. We have been surprised to find we do not need it, any more than Egypt did under the Pharaohs.

The loss of property by a catastrophe for which the losers were in no sense responsible, seemed at once to lead to a conviction that those who lived in regions not invaded by the waters had no rights of exclusive holding, and in the same way that the early Christians, looking for the speedy end of the world, put all their means into one common stock, so now, not knowing what next to expect, the millions who lived near the Alleghany range and the hills and valleys connected therewith—those, too, who dwelt near the Rocky Mountains and their associated chains—obeyed with ready good will the decrees which vested all lands in the commonwealth, for the advantage of the whole, including the millions who had lost their belongings, their houses and lands, and even their country. All debts were cancelled when military law was substituted for civil authority; no interest could be remitted to Europe, even could it have been collected; indeed, interest

at once became, and has since continued, another obsolete idea, and is now considered a form of bondage unsuited to a truly free people, and one which should have ceased when slavery was forbidden.

To the Years of Migration succeeded another unexpected development of a surprising character—the growth of a new mountain system. This was another of the things many of the scientists had declared impossible. A reflective gnat, said Dr. Johnson, once told his fellow ephemerides that while they had been dancing in the sunbeams, he had been watching the progress of the sun; it was moving steadily westward across the sky, and must soon disappear, when the world would grow cold and the race of gnats would utterly perish. The philosophers of the conventionalized type of 1894 reminded one of this scientific gnat, or, perhaps one might better say, of a colony of August wasps. They, better informed than the cultivated long-legs, know that sunrise ever follows sunset. But their parent colony, all whose members have left the egg since May, are ignorant of winter, or have but a faint tradition, traceable to a queen wasp long deceased, of a snow and ice age anterior to historic times, and void (their critics think) of historic truth. So they deride the idea of change. During their experience, summer heat has been fairly steady, the supply of material for their paper house shows no sign of failing, the grubs they feed on are as plentiful as ever, while ripe fruits, their luxuries, increase in number and variety, indicating an ever growing vitality of wasp civilization. Yet the unexpected happens, the frost does come, and, after a short struggle, all but the queen wasps die.

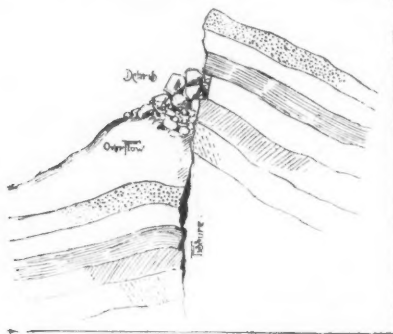
Like them, because there were no written records of mountain-building on a large scale, we had deluded ourselves into the idea that we were never to have another such physical contortion of the terrene surface.

Mountains, it was said, even by those not given to the theory of absolute rigidity, had their roots too deeply set to admit of changes now. An elevation of a few hundred feet on one side of the Alleghanies and coast ranges, and a corresponding depression on the other side, being in all a change of gradient to the extent of only one foot in 5,000, might be quite within comprehension. In volcanic regions isolated hills might rise, like Jorullo, which, after eighty days of earthquakes and subterranean thunder, was suddenly lifted out of a plain, some 1,700 feet; but as for such an event in a settled region like ours—that was only the frenzied dream of a lunatic! Nevertheless, such assurances, though comforting and well meant, were empty, and the deeply-seated source of the intumescence which had raised the coast regions caused a strain which, with a sudden crack, tore the crust in twain. We hardly know at which point the rent began, but in an hour or so it seemed to have extended from both sides, after the manner of a tear across a sheet of paper. The shock of this parting of the strata was tremendous. The fissure formed near Charleston, in 1888, might have been taken as a forerunner of it, just as the sinking of the earth at New Madrid, in 1811, might have been seen to be a presage of the depression of the Mississippi valley. If the accounts of the shaking of buildings, the falling of church towers, the twisting of railroads, the inrush of ocean waves, the loss of life, which were given by the journals of those days, were multiplied a hundred fold, some idea would be given of the catastrophe which wrecked New York and Boston. The latter place had suffered much by the destruction of its harbor, though it had managed to handle some of the Government imports at a new port which came into existence some miles out to sea, where vessels had a roadstead to lie in and discharge into lighters. New York had not fared so ill as one might

have thought; the Hudson, still flowing through its gorge, had after a long effort cleared out its own old channel, and large vessels could still come to a point not more than five miles from the Battery, whence means of transfer had been hastily extemporized. This shock, however, was at its worst there, though it terribly injured Montreal and Quebec to the north, and Washington, Richmond, and other cities to the south, all being near the new-formed anticlinal. The cities were very crowded at the time with refugees from many cities of the late Mississippi valley, including a number from Chicago, that great mushroom growth which arose like vernal lilies—like them bloomed with exceeding beauty, and like them lasted but for a day. The fissure yawned hundreds of feet in width, taking no account of hills or valleys, but crossing the whole with an impartial rending. Then, indeed, was an hour of misery and blank despair. It had been observed before, that, however terrible the destruction man might bring upon his kind by war, no campaigns could be so destructive to life and treasure as shocks of earthquake, and the force of the remark was now fully realized. No count of the deaths, injuries, or losses was possible at the time, nor has it been since. As in the days of old, the numbering of the people of Israel seemed to imply vain-glory, and an attribution to man of results due to the higher law; so, after such a terrible loss—a million of lives, a million of crippled and maimed bodies, hundreds of millions of dollars' worth of what had been private property—it was at once felt that estimates of the loss, or attempts to measure the chastisement we were suffering under, would be useless, perhaps impious; that irreparable ruin had come upon the land—the ruin, that is, of all old things and systems—that we should have to repeat the experience and the methods of the Years of Migration in new forms, and deal with the victims of this new

catastrophe as best we might, receiving the wounded where they could be attended to after the best fashion possible, and setting the able-bodied men and women to the procuring of food by agriculture, to the obtaining of fuel and the making of clothing along with ourselves, hoping that in time our afflictions would be lightened, and eventual good be wrought out of present trials—nay, perhaps, in unforeseen ways, the elevation of the survivors.

The great fissure had closed almost as soon as it appeared. The east side of it seemed to sink or the west side to rise, this motion lasting for a day or more, while the difference in level steadily increased to about 200 feet. There was then at some points an overflow of lava, at others of mud, at others an emission of gases; and, in proportion as this developed, the crack closed up. By contraction, the crust had been fissured throughout its thickness. Semi-fluid materials came up to fill the crack, as water will when an ice sheet breaks; the eastern side of the fissure settled along its whole length, showing that the materials to fill it flowed slowly up from that side chiefly, as was natural, considering the gradient both of the land and of the sea bottom. Then, of course, the walls jammed together.



In places, the force with which they closed—a thousand miles of solid crust pressing the edges together—made them pile up ten thousand feet.

In others, the upper strata of the western earth-field, as by analogy to the ice-fields in the Arctic seas it may be called, were driven over the surface of the lower strata; so, at least, it seems from appearances, therein resembling the spots on the foothills of the Rocky mountains visited in 1892 and 1893 by the late Professor Coleman, where, he said (agreeing with McConnell, of Ottawa), the mountain strata had been floated over those of the plain, like a huge ice-block over an ice floe in a jam—which, of course, nobody then believed, though we now see how true it may have been.

Where the crack ran under the sea, very violent disturbances likewise occurred, while the ocean was observed to be now inky black, and now discolored with mud, as in the West Indies in the great earthquake of 1755, when Port Royal sank—an earthquake which, like this, was felt from the West Indies to Europe on the one hand, and to the great lakes of Canada on the other. That convulsion seems to have been on the same lines of fracture as this of which we speak, though it was much less important, and, as it were, a mere premonition 140 years or so beforehand.

In places, the sea boiled, or seemed to do so, from the escaping gases; and where the elevation took place from the jamming together of the two sides of the crack, volcanic vents speedily formed. The ocean waters, getting at the heated interior through the fracture, doubtless caused the peculiar appearances which alarmed many sailors who observed them, and caused a few wrecks, but not so many as might have occurred had the seas been as much frequented as they were before the calamities befell the continent, and while trade was active.

It had been noticed that volcanoes are always near seas, or places where seas had been; the connection was now practically exemplified; but it was singular and fortunate that no new volcano appeared in what had

been land, but only where upheavals of the crust took place through what had been water.

But why do I linger with this brief account? Are not the full statements of the sufferings of the people, the mixing up of their possessions, and all manner of interesting details, given in the pamphlets of those veracious and eloquent historians, Marcus Twain, William Nye, and others?

I must hasten to the end of what is intended mainly as a *resumé* of physical results, and at once attend to the climatic change which has occurred. The subsidence of the Mississippi valley, which absorbed the waters from the Gulf and lessened the volume of the Gulf Stream, had undoubtedly much to do with the earthquake change. As this great ocean river no longer met the polar current with sufficient volume, the latter, doubtless, cooled and caused contraction in the ocean bed and supplied the last straw which caused the break. When this occurred, and the rising of its lips took place, the flow into the new sea became more decided, and as the sinking had progressed so far as to open the way to the Hudson Bay, the stream swept up in this direction. The scour to the sea bottom is yet proceeding, and millions of tons of material are being taken out each year, to fill up more northern oceans. The country which was Canada and the Eastern States has a charming equable climate, resembling that of France and Italy as it used to be, for the winds from the unchanged Rocky Mountains are mollified as they cross the new American Mediterranean. The warm waters, pouring out of Hudson straits, have melted half the glaciers of Southern Greenland, and the rest are vanishing apace. That country has become another Ireland for verdure, is rapidly becoming afforested, and has been taken possession of by sons of Erin, who, in a climate very similar to their own, have at length found a country to themselves, which they appear to

be ruling with contentment. We of course could not have claimed or possessed the land if we had wished, and the generous Danes, at the request of the Princess of Wales, assured it to the Irish from all parts of the world, and helped to transport many to its shores. For fuel, the only want at first apparent, they soon began to use the excellent coal found there in several places, which must have been formed at a time, æons ago, when the climate of the peninsula resembled what it has again become.

Newfoundland, being a long way east of the meridian of maximum disturbance, suffered little, nor has its outline materially changed, but as there is no more a polar current to bring icebergs to its shores, it is now one of the most delightful spots in the world with a climate like that of France.

It had been feared that the diversion of the Gulf Stream would destroy a great deal of life in Europe, but this has not occurred, for its diverted waters are still warm when they reach the North Atlantic, and though the glaciers of the Norwegian mountains and of the Alps are advancing so that in the course of time habitable valleys will be filled up and cultivable areas restricted, the process will be gradual, and ample time be given for the accommodation of the people to their new circumstances.

The social and political changes which have occurred here are as startling and as little anticipated as the physical. Martial law, the just but unbending rule of the few over the many, was found so suited to the needs of the terrible times, that we have not reverted to the old systems, and now wonder how our ancestors can have valued so highly what they called liberty but what was really license.

We look back with feelings of compassion, on the political levities of the past. It has been remarked, that in the supreme emergencies of the Years of Migration and, we may add, in those

of the Years of Destruction too, the majority behaved with almost dumb docility. Attempts at robbery and individual violence occurred but rarely, and were speedily put down. As there were no sufficient means of imprisoning culprits, death became the recognized penalty for all offences, and the method of trial was much simplified—witnesses met as judges, and their verdict was carried out, whether there were three or a dozen.

Virtually, we have abolished degrees in crime, much to the advantage of the community. Why one measure should be meted out to a murderer and another to a thief, both being criminal in intent, we cannot now understand. Nobody regrets when a thief is drowned (our new way of executing outlaws); we reflect with satisfaction that one more breeder of bad men has gone to his doom. Some such system was once before in vogue, and it was stigmatized by the name of its reputed author as Draconian, but it was doubtless an excellent one, solidly founded on the doctrine of heredity, in those days well understood, and suited to the times.

The government now allots to each of us his tasks. Laziness in their performance disentitles one to participate in the general distribution of necessary and sufficient food and clothing, which is made by the government officials at the public stores. Since, therefore, starvation swiftly follows on idleness, drones cannot exist.

It may be worth noting that money of all kinds is prohibited, lest there should be debt, a form of bondage from which we are happily free. We shall never again witness the sad scenes of the spring of 1894, when thousands starved outside the walls of grain elevators crammed with the most abundant supplies of food the world had ever known!

Activity, whether in art, science or manual labor, brings merit marks which permit of a cessation of labor at five, ten, or more years before reaching

the age of seventy, after which no man is held to work, but has to join the governing bodies. Decisions are there arrived at in secret sessions, at which none but the members can be present and of which none may reveal the deliberations. Of course there are no constituencies to be considered, nor shall we ever return to the insane system—the product of the confusions of the middle ages—under which rulers used to be elected by the votes of the whole people, most of whom could know little of the principles or requirements of government.

The authorities having at first built large barracks, and many people who had lost their all having been billeted on those who in favored regions retained their houses without much injury, we came to adopt a system of living in municipal houses, if I may so call them, something after the old system of the Southern Indians. It would be useless to enlarge on this subject, for we all know the happy state at which we have arrived—without jealousies as to standing, wealth or other superiority.

We have gone through incredible miseries, lost half our population, but our misfortunes have purified us in body and in mind. I was about to say soul—but we have ceased to think about souls. We hold that there is this in common between the soul and the liver, that neither needs attention until it is out of order.

We found that rival creeds could not peaceably co-exist in our communities, so we prohibited discussion about the unknowable, and it is wonderful how soon people came to adopt the reasonings of natural religion when the supernatural was discarded.

We have given up caring for posthumous fame as well as for contemporary reputation, seeing in both but pride or vanity.

Rewards are the natural and lawful result of earnest endeavor, and as they now follow merit without old fashioned "interest" exercised by family in-

fluence or purchased by money, and while merit is to a great extent hereditary, why should there be occasion for either?

We have no need for gravestones or epitaphs; funeral orations are of course never to be heard; if a person does not live in the memory of his friends, other reminders must be superfluous.

The sick are tended by the State, if their diseases are curable; if not, they resign themselves to death, the mode of which they are permitted to choose. Failing that choice, they simply die of hunger, which is painless, if water be supplied.

We have ceased to think much about what used to be called education. We force no human beings to spend weary years in learning to read, write and cipher; those who desire such accomplishments can attain them, but we recognize that to raise food, procure fuel, provide shelter, make clothing—and in sufficient quantity to maintain health, and of the best quality—is the chief aim of life. Formerly they crammed us with curricula until they stifled invention and original thought, and we remember the dictum of the Duke of Wellington, "Education, without religion, will surround us with clever devils."

We have few soldiers or policemen, and they are maintained for the purpose of discharging the honored duties of public executioners.

Judicial "removals" are rapidly becoming fewer as the killing of those who would become parents of vicious children proceeds.

We have much simplified law, for as there is little separate property, one whole branch of it disappears at once. I remember when precedents were valued, and so-called "case law" was studied. No one was then allowed to state his own trouble, and months, nay years, often elapsed before decisions were pronounced. Law is now a branch of government. Our Seniors are obliged to meet with frequency; they review the verdicts of witnesses

of any crime, and if not manifestly incorrect, order them to be carried out.

In another generation or two we expect to have completed our task of stamping out disease and crime, and of abolishing pain and remorse.

Already, we think we have established the new principles of true freedom on the secure basis of a perfect despotism. It must be a happier time now than it was of old, when there were so many forms of bondage—to the money power, to the family influence, to the social fetish—and when people were refused even the right to die!

Yet we are not propagandists, having put behind us that form of superstition, as being opposed to true freedom of thought. To attempt to impress special views on a developed mind is only a form of hypnotic influence.

We have a system of defence against foreign attack, based on the use of aerial poisons, but the disposition of foreign nations is to leave us alone, as we desire. We prohibit immigration, except after careful consideration of the mental and physical fitness of the persons wishing to come to us, which must be forwarded, with verification, a year before the *intrare liceat* can be accorded.

By simplifying life as we have done, we have followed out the doctrines of development as observed throughout the worlds. All unnecessary wheels in a machine being dispensed with, friction is avoided, efficiency increased. There were not wanting a few who thought our methods brutal, but it needed little reflection on the methods of nature, which always appear cruel, to convince them of error. Rapid is the destruction or modification of a type unsuited to a changed environment. The auk, the buffalo, the black-walnut tree—how have not they vanished! Man himself, has he not, with marvellous swiftness, been raised to eminence since the hand became specialized for prehension? We

already feel we shall be the highest of all the branches of our race. We cannot doubt the stability of our institutions, based as they are, not upon passing human fictions, but on the eternal laws of the universe. Energy has been stimulated by the certainty and fixity of its reward. Waste of time has been prevented by the early and authoritative determination of each individual's particular talents, and if this still requires some hesitancy and a too numerous body of selectors, we are already encouraged to hope for such a development of inherited aptitudes as to specialize them in families and localities, and thus set free for other duties this portion of our official staff.

Best of all, we have developed con-

science, the sense of right, the wish to do the right for the sake of its benefits to humanity. No mawkish sentimentality remains as to the means not being justified by the end. We know that a just object, a grand ideal, must be realized by constantly treading down obstacles, persistently over-riding objections, and that the confusions of the nineteenth century were caused by its wanting a clear perception of this important truth, in short, by that want of faith which prevented their comprehending the New Revelation, though knocking at their doors. Its admission in our time is a compensation, full and brimming over, for the tribulations which preceded it, and which, through a physical purgatory, have at last produced bliss.

78 North Drive, Toronto.

WHICH IS SHE ?

One day she flouts me with disdain,
Her cheek with anger flushes ;
The next, she strives to heal my pain,
And beauteous is with blushes.

Vain, proud, and strident she appears,
On Wednesday, say—or Monday,
Yet her sweet charming way endears
Again—perhaps on Sunday.

Which is herself ? I fain would know,
My life quite wretched made is,
Is she a sprite with heaven aglow ?
Or does she come from Hades ?

BERNARD McEVoy.



THE CANADIAN PREMIER AND THE UNITED STATES PRESIDENT.

BY JOHN A. COOPER, B.A., LL.B.

THE Canadian people recently appointed a new Premier; about the same time the people of the United States chose a new President. But the steps necessary to install a new chief magistrate in each country were strikingly different.

With the American people this change was the subject of talk and speculation for at least two years previous to the decision which was reached on November 8th, 1892. During all that time, writers were busy in setting forth, in pamphlets or newspaper editorials, the claims of the platforms and candidates of the Republican and Democratic parties respectively; politicians in laying and carrying out plans of the campaign; and voters, in hearing speeches, reading campaign literature and deciding which party should receive their votes. It also required two great party conventions, with all their pomp, display and oratory. All this ponderous election machinery moved slowly, majestically and impressively; and as the tension increased during the last moments, the public interest was so great that even business held its breath.

With the Canadian people the change was necessitated by the declining health of the Premier. He resigned, and a successor was chosen. Only three men took part in this change and the announcements that one officer had resigned and another had been appointed were made simultaneously to the Canadian public.

Why this difference? To all appearances Sir John Thompson was as much chosen to be Premier of Canada as Grover Cleveland to be President of the United States of America. Both are theoretically democratic coun-

tries, and the majority in each seemed satisfied with the change. The difference arises mainly from the different relations which in each country exist between the executive and the legislative departments of government.

It must be borne in mind that the Premier is not in name the administrative head of the Dominion of Canada. By the Confederation Act of 1867, the executive government is declared to be vested in the Queen, and she is to be represented in Canada by the Governor-General. It is also provided that there shall be a council to aid and advise in the government of Canada, to be styled "the Queen's Privy Council for Canada," and the persons who are to be members of that council shall be, from time to time, chosen and summoned by the Governor-General. This council never sits as such, but, as in England, a smaller part of it known as the "Cabinet" performs its duties. Moreover, the Governor-General, who represents the Queen in Canada, is merely a nominal head, an honored counsellor, whose counsel is seldom given. By the constitution, he has a sort of veto power on legislation, but since 1878 he has never refused to give assent to any bill passed by the legislature. His duties are merely formal. When the Premier resigns or is dismissed, the Governor-General is said to stand alone; but this is misleading. There is usually but one man whom he can safely choose to be Premier, as was exemplified in the recent change. From the moment that it was known that failing health would force the former Premier to resign, no one could doubt for an instant on whom the mantle would fall. His successor was

pointed out by his influence in Parliament, by his superior ability, by his capacity as a leader and statesman, and by his prominence in his party,—the predominant party in Parliament. The retiring Premier often advises the Governor-General as to his successor, or the Governor-General may call on some Privy-Councillor for advice. But the man who undertakes the office of Premier and the task of forming a Cabinet takes upon himself the responsibility of his own choice. The Governor-General is never responsible for his acts; it is his advisers who bear this burden. But the new Premier is responsible for his predecessor's dismissal, for all acts done between the dismissal and the new choice, and for his own elevation to office.

If the Governor-General did not possess the nominal power of naming the Premier, the latter would be elected by a formal caucus of that party which is predominant in parliament. The people elect the members of the House of Commons; the members of the predominant party choose, together with their party friends in the Senate, their leader, and the Governor-General must of necessity choose this leader to be Premier.

The President of the United States, on the other hand, is chosen by an electoral college, the members of which are elected by the people solely for this purpose. But, previous to this, each of the two great parties holds a convention and chooses its candidate. Thus each of these two great national executive officers is chosen by a party. In the case of the Premier, the "party" means the members of a certain political stripe in the House of Commons and in the Senate. The Conservative minority in a Reform constituency can have no voice in electing the Conservative leader, because they are represented in Parliament by a Reform member. Thus, such a minority can in reality have no voice in saying who shall be Premier; but in the United

States the minorities in a constituency are represented, *pro rata* with the majorities, in one of the party conventions. This is a well-marked difference between the two systems.

A similarity in the modes of election is that each depends on a "convention of the constitution." In Canada, this "convention" is that the leader of the predominant party in Parliament shall be the person chosen by the Governor-General to be the head of his advisory council, and that this person shall choose his own colleagues. In the United States, the "convention" is, that a candidate shall be chosen by each of the two party gatherings or caucuses, and that the members of the electoral college shall not exercise any independent judgment, but merely cast their votes for the party candidate whom they were elected to support.

One difference between a Premier and a President is, that one is a politician with a history and the other a politician without a history. As a general rule, a Premier will be found to have entered public life as a plain member of the House of Commons, and gradually worked his way up to prominence. Before he can occupy even a subordinate position in the cabinet, he must have marked himself, by his parliamentary conduct, as a man of superior ability, and as a man possessing some of the characteristics of a leader and a statesman. It is only by the respect and favor of the members of his party in Parliament that he can stand high in their councils, and when his party is in power, hold a portfolio in the Government. And it is only when, by his genius as a statesman and his tact and ability as a leader, he shall have proved himself to be the strongest man in his party, that he shall be entitled to be Premier, when his party is the predominant one in Parliament. No man of mediocre ability is at all likely to occupy this important position. He must necessarily be a man tried and

proven. The Premier is generally himself a member of the popular House. The recent Premier, Sir John J. C. Abbott, was a member of the Senate; but this is unusual, for the Premier is almost necessarily the leader of the majority in the House of Commons. Thus, the Canadian Premier reaches his position by means of a ladder. The President, on the other hand, reaches his by a flying leap. He is not necessarily a tried member of Congress, nor is it usual for him to have had any experience in Congress. A favorable condition is that he shall have been Governor of some state, but such a qualification as this is not necessary. But he is usually a statesman marked by superior qualities, and is chosen by the party caucus because he can control his own state, and not be unacceptable to the other states. The less experience in public life he has had, the fewer enemies he is likely to have, and the less there is to be said against him.

Another strong point of contrast is the definite period during which a President holds his office, and the indefinite period during which the Premier holds his. The President is elected for a term of four years, and in no way is he in danger of being removed, except by means of an improbable impeachment. He may be re-elected for a second term, but custom prevents a third. In Canada, Sir John Macdonald held office from 1867 to 1874, and again from 1878 to the time of his death in 1891. His supporters in Parliament had to seek re-election, at least once in every five years; but he himself was re-appointed but once, and that in 1878. The Premier holds office as long as there is a majority of members in the House of Commons who favor his Premiership. He and his cabinet must command the confidence of the people sufficiently to procure a majority of supporters in the House of Commons, and as long as this majority support them and their policy, so long will they retain office.

It will now be in order to compare the powers and duties of the Premier and the President. One of the greatest of the prerogatives of the President is that he has control of all diplomatic action. He it is who meets the representatives of other nations or conducts the correspondence concerning the negotiation of all treaties entered into by the nation. When these treaties are ratified by the Senate, they rank higher in legal status than acts of Congress. This power, by the Canadian constitution, is vested in the Imperial authorities, and it is the lack of this power which derogates so much from the dignity of the office of the Canadian Premier, while at the same time it adds much to the office of President. It is often pointed out by critics of the United States' system of government, that in regard to treaties, the Senate is master, and the President servant. This is said because these treaties must be ratified by the Senate, in a session so secret that even the President is excluded. Although this may defeat the President's wishes in some few cases when the Senate does not think the same in matters of trade and commerce as he does, yet his treaties are, in the majority of cases, treated with respect. He is, to other nations, the head of the United States, and as such respected by them, no matter how much bickering he may have with his Congress at home. Of late years, Great Britain has seen fit to give Canada a direct share in negotiating treaties with the United States, and this is undoubtedly but the beginning of a favor which will soon be extended to a constitutional convention, so that the Canadian Premier or one of his Cabinet will one day be able to negotiate treaties with all nations friendly to Great Britain.

The President has power to appoint all officers of the Federal Government. In case of the nomination of ambassadors, other public ministers and consuls, of judges of the courts of the United States, and the chief depart-

mental officials, and of the principal post and customs officers, the confirmation of the Senate is necessary; but the great majority of the Federal officers are appointed by the President alone. This gives the President an enormous patronage, which has not always been used in the interest of morality and a high standard of civil service administration. But now great efforts are being made to eradicate this evil by introducing civil service merit examinations. Whether used rightly or wrongly, it gives the President additional power. In Canada, the Premier has very little power in regard to civil service appointments. The judges are appointed by the Cabinet from the leading members of the bar in each of the provinces. The deputy heads of the departments are appointed by the Cabinet, that is, by the Governor-General in Council, as it is constitutionally termed. All other members of the civil service must have passed the civil service examinations, and are chosen on their merits. When a vacancy occurs in any department, the head of that department selects from the list of qualified candidates a person fitted for the vacant office. But there are certain offices which may be filled by persons who have not passed such examinations, viz., city postmasters, inspectors, collectors, and preventative officers in the customs, inspectors of weights and measures, deputy collectors, and preventative officers in the Inland Revenue. These appointments are made upon the recommendation of the member or members of the House of Commons, of the same political stripe as the Premier, representing the district in which such officer is to act. If this district is represented in Parliament by a member of the "Opposition," the defeated member of the "Government" in that district has a great deal to say as to who shall be appointed. It is said that in Canada the civil service is "on the firm basis of freedom from politics and of secur-

ity of tenure." This is true as far as existing appointments are concerned; but it does not apply to offices in the list enumerated above which have fallen vacant. Further, there are three deputy heads appointed by the Premier, acting alone. These are the Solicitor-General, the Comptroller of Customs, and the Comptroller of Inland Revenues, and they change with the administration, but are the only officers in the civil service who do.

There is an interesting difference between the methods employed by the Premier and the President in choosing their colleagues in the administration. The President chooses his own colleagues who are to become heads of the administrative departments. These appointments must be ratified by the Senate, but the House of Representatives has no part in the matter. The Senate may disapprove, but it cannot nominate and thus appoint any one it wishes. These appointees of the President are not chosen from the members either of the Senate or of the House of Representatives, but from among the President's party friends. He secures them where he can or where it suits him. The Premier chooses his from among his supporters in Parliament. They are not necessarily his friends, but are chosen so as to include the representative men of the provinces, or of some particular section in the party. His aim is to consolidate his party by representing all branches of it in his Cabinet. Each of the seven provinces is represented according to its size and importance. The Cabinet at present consists of thirteen members besides the Premier. Three of these, the President of the Council and two ministers without portfolio, are not departmental heads, but are chosen to aid in the councils of the Cabinet, thus showing that the Cabinet is a body of advisers to assist the Premier. The other eleven, including the Premier, are heads of departments. Eleven of the thirteen ministers have seats in the House of

Commons, and two have seats in the Senate, showing the relative importance of the two bodies. The Premier chooses his colleagues usually after due consultation with the leading members in Parliament of his own party. They are chosen because they are the leading men in debate, prominent on account of more than average ability, and marked by parliamentary capacity; or, as has been shown, because they have a strong sectional following in Parliament. After the Premier has chosen these men, he submits a list to the Governor-General, and the latter never refuses to appoint them. Their appointment by him is a necessary formality. The choosing the members of the Cabinet all from one party is necessitated by the fact that they must be a unit in matter of policy, must all be acceptable to the majority in Parliament, and must stand or fall together. If one member of the Cabinet disagrees with his colleagues or the Premier as to general policy he must resign. The acts of one are the acts of all, and the acts of all must be approved by Parliament. The Premier may hold whatever portfolio he wishes, and he assigns each minister his department. On the other hand, the President holds no portfolio, but is a sort of general overseer. His colleagues are responsible to him only, and neither he nor they, collectively or individually, are responsible to Congress. Congress may criticize administrative acts, but it cannot remove the administrators. Congress may command them to do certain acts, or ask them for information,—which is always sent in writing or given to a committee, never to one of the House orally,—but this is the extent of their power.

In Canada the ministers are present in Parliament and can there be interrogated at any time as to their official conduct. They are responsible to Parliament collectively and separately, for all official acts. The Canadian Executive is simply a committee of Parlia-

ment, and as such responsible to Parliament. There must be harmony between the Executive and the Parliament; while in the United States this is not necessary. There need be no confidential relations or co-operation between Congress and the Executive. Congress may unearth scandals in the administration, but it cannot remove the authors of these scandals.

This irresponsibility of the Executive to Congress marks the greatest difference between the United States Executive and the Canadian, the latter resembling very closely the British and French Executives. The effect of this difference on the course of legislation is very noticeable. The President's message to Congress may treat of the general trade policy and embody his views on general matters, but it does not foreshadow any legislation, because his office being unconnected with any legislative body, he can introduce no legislation. A Premier's message to Parliament at the opening of a session is called the speech from the throne, but in reality it is the Cabinet speaking to the Legislature, and informing it of the subjects on which it will be expected to legislate. The Cabinet's measures are called government measures, and take precedence on certain days of each week. These Government measures are such as will aid the Executive in carrying out its administrative policy, and hence are a great advantage to them. In Congress there is no such thing as a government measure; the Executive must resort to secret ways in the managing of a committee of the Congress to secure the discussion of a measure in which it is interested. It may fail in the committee; or, after succeeding there, it may fail in having the measure passed through the House; yet even so, no blame or censure attaches to the Executive for such failures. In Canada, if the Executive fails in having the House pass an important measure which has been introduced as a Government measure, it is consider-

ed a censure on their administrative policy, and they are expected to resign, because the legislative policy must necessarily be in unison with the administrative policy. In the United States, on the contrary, the Congress may be aiming at one line of policy and the Executive at another. There is no unity of policy. It is very often a game of cross-pulling and see-sawing. Of course the President may veto bills, but if the House is still determined, even this is of no avail. Even in Congress itself there is lacking the definite plan of action that is seen in the Canadian Parliament. Whether a bill, Government or private, shall pass the Canadian Parliament, depends on the approval of the party in power. In case of Government bills, this approval is express; in case of private bills the approval is tacit. But legislation is necessarily homogeneous. In the United States' Congress it is heterogeneous, depending for its character mainly on the character of the standing committee in each House. These standing committees have each a chairman, and the chairmen have an enormous influence in moulding, excluding or encouraging bills, but they cannot, like a Cabinet, work together as a corporate body, systematizing the legislation of the whole session. Their influence does not prevent unsystematic legislation. Moreover, the Cabinet knows the administrative needs, and is thus fitted to introduce legislation which will produce harmonious results.

Another difference results from the position of each executive in the matter of defending in Parliament or Congress their administrative acts. The members of the Canadian Executive stand face to face with the other members of Parliament on the floor of the House, and may there defend all their administrative actions. The United States President does not answer for any of his administrative acts to Congress. The Senate must indeed ratify his treaties and confirm his appointments, but they cannot criticise

his policy in such a manner as to alter it. He is his own master. With regard to the other members of the executive, Congress exercises a partial control. These heads, however, never have a chance to defend the administration of their respective departments on the floor of Congress. All communications between one of these heads and Congress is written and given to the House, or one of its committees. On the other hand, the Canadian administration must see that its policy is explained on the floor of the House; and the ministry is responsible, severally and jointly, for the acts of each department of the administration. They, as members of the House, are expected to defend their administrative acts, and this ensures careful action by each member of the administration, and a harmony of action between the executive and legislative departments of government.

The Canadian Premier is thus seen to depend for his power almost wholly on the support of the majority in the House of Commons. Once a general election is held, and he and his colleagues command a majority, he can carry out any policy he pleases for the next five years. If for that period of time he can control the majority in Parliament, he can defy public opinion. On the other hand, once the President is elected, for the four years of his term he can defy both Congress and the people. He can be more autocratic than a Premier, because he is answerable to no authority by which he may be displaced. But the powers of both Premier and President are, as we have seen, limited by statutes, and by provisions and conventions of the respective constitutions. Neither is likely to do any rash act which will seriously jeopardize the safety of the nation, or tarnish the brightness of his own reputation. Each holds a position which is the gift of the people, and the people must ultimately decide whether or not the powers thus given in trust have been executed to their

satisfaction. To say which of these executive officers has the greatest power is impossible. Each office rests on a different theory of government, and each has its own peculiar powers and restrictions. Each is the greatest political honor in the gift of the nation. The Premiership is won by distinguished services in the Dominion Legislature, while the Presidency is not so attained, but is given on account of greatness exhibited in some sphere other than that of Congressional service.

THE VOLUNTEERS OF '85.

Wide are the plains to the north and the westward,
Drear are the skies to the west and the north :
Little they cared as they snatched up their rifles,
And shoulder to shoulder marched gallantly forth.
Cold are the plains to the north and the westward,
Stretching out far to the grey of the sky :
Little they cared as they marched from the barrack room,
Willing and eager if need be to die.

Bright was the gleam of the sun on their bayonets ;
Firm and erect was each man in his place ;
Steadily, evenly, marched they like veterans ;
Smiling and fearless was every face !
Never a dread of the foe that was waiting them ;
Never a fear of war's terrible scenes ;
" Brave as the bravest, " was stamped on each face of them—
Half of them boys not yet out of their teens.

Many a woman gazed down at them longingly,
Scanning each rank for her boy as it passed ;
Trying through tears just to catch a last glimpse of him,
Knowing that glimpse might for aye be the last.
Many a maiden's cheek paled as she looked at them,
Seeing the lover from whom she must part,
Striving to smile and be brave for the sake of him,
Stifling the dread that was breaking her heart.

Every heart of us, wild at the sight of them,
Beat as it never had beaten before ;
Every voice of us choked though it may have been
Broke from huzza to a deafening roar !
Proud—were we proud of them ? God ! they were part of us,
Sons of us, brothers, all marching to fight ;
Swift at their country's call, ready each man and all,
Eager to battle for her and the right,

Wide are the plains to the north and the westward,
Stretching out far to the grey of the sky ;
Little they cared as they filed from the barrack room
Shoulder to shoulder, if need be to die.
Was there one flinched ? Not a boy, not a boy of them ;
Straight on they marched to the dread battle's brunt :
Fill up your glasses, and drink to them, all of them—
Canada's call found them all to the front.

STUART LIVINGSTON.

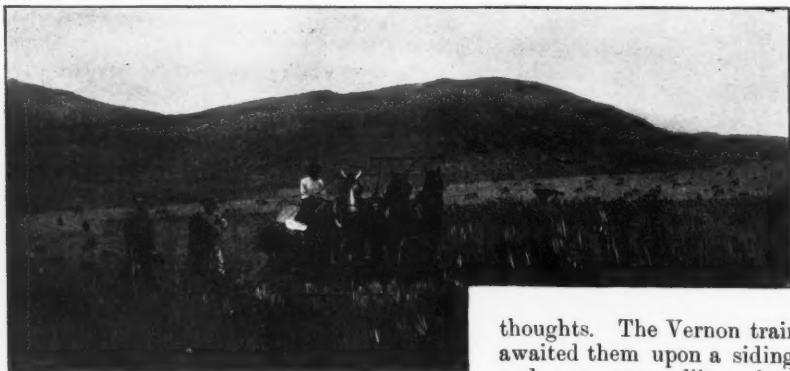
THE GARDEN OF BRITISH COLUMBIA.

BY E. MOLSON SPRAGGE.

SIXTEEN hours, or 235 miles east of Vancouver, on the lovely Shuswap Lake, lies Siccamous, at the junction of the Shuswap and O'Kanagan branch of the Canadian Pacific Railway with the main line. Here, in the middle of the month of August, the Pacific express deposited a party of Trippers from the mountains of British Columbia, bound for Vernon, the centre of one of the richest agricultural districts of British Columbia. They arrived at half-past seven in the evening, when

whose salmon-trout are justly celebrated for their quantity and quality. This should prove a popular resort for the angler, early in the season, viz., before the middle of June, and the advent of the active mosquito, or in September and October, after its departure.

Last summer the native hostelry had to be patronized, and from it the five trippers were only too glad to remove themselves the following morning, with unsatisfied appetites and evil



A WHEAT FIELD NEAR VERNON.

both sky and water were brilliant with the crimson glories of the dying day, and wended their way from the station to the hotel, which, though ambitious in size, was humble to the verge of deficiency in comfortable accommodation or sustaining food. The tourist is obliged to spend one night at Siccamous, for the daily train to Vernon leaves early in the morning. But the Canadian Pacific, to meet this nocturnal requirement, built last autumn one of their pretty chalet hotels immediately upon the Shuswap Lake,

thoughts. The Vernon train awaited them upon a siding, and was soon rolling along up an estuary of the lake, which gradually narrowed into rich green hay marshes, enclosing the mouth of the Spallumacheen river, whose course the road follows as far as the prettily named town of Enderby. Its most conspicuous feature is the fine flour mills of the Columbia Milling Company. They have been in operation for some years, (they are the property of the Columbia Milling Co.,) have a capacity of 100 barrels per day, and absorb all the grain of the principal wheat-growing district of British Columbia.

Beyond Enderby the wheat-fields

begin, and roll away in vistas of golden distance to the brown hills which encircle the valley.

The next station owes its existence to the railway, and rejoices in the euphonious name of Armstrong, as well as in the presence of the land speculator and the ubiquitous syndicate, which advertise their existence upon a huge wooden boarding close to the platform, and notify the traveller in coloring as varied as Joseph's coat that there are:

"Town lots 66x125

For sale cheap

Also

50,000 acres

Fruit,

Hops,

Wheat lands

Improved and unimproved

Beautifully situated and in lots to suit purchasers, from \$20 per acre upwards.

To Actual Settlers,

For information apply to Spallumacheen and O'Kanagan Valleys Colonization Agency, Armstrong."

The train seemed timed to take in this announcement, for it had just been committed to a note book, when the familiar all a-b-o-a-r-d resounded from the conductor's stentorian throat, and the train was off again, past more wheat-fields, skirting pretty Swan Lake, set like a mirror in a gilded frame of grain, which extended from the water's edge to the low brown hills, marked with curious out-croppings of rock behind. This odd mixture of moor and arable land in close proximity is one of the characteristic features of this section of the O'Kanagan district. Wherever the plough can run, wheat will grow, up to the very side of the rock itself.

In another half-hour Vernon was reached. This now thriving town was settled long before the Canadian Pacific Railway was even contemplated, and but a couple of years ago was only attainable by wagon road from New Westminster and Kamloops. Its population in those early days was very small, and it has really been created by the opening of the Shuswap

and O'Kanagan Railway in June, 1892. With its passenger station, freight sheds, brewery, large hotel, fine courthouse, substantial rows of shops, and population of 1,000, it is one of the most prosperous and growing towns in British Columbia, and, like Rome, all roads lead to it; so it is well located as a distributing centre. The rich valleys of the O'Kanagan, containing the most fruitful land in a province whose range of products is very great, converge here. In the neighborhood are some extensive ranches of many thousand acres, among the chief of which are Price-Ellison's, Lord Aberdeen's, and the B.X. Lord Aberdeen has erected canning and jam factories on his property, where the fruits of the valley will find a market. The Shuswap and O'Kanagan Railway connects at Lake O'Kanagan, the present terminus of the road, with a steamboat service operating on the lake. The steamers "Aberdeen" and "Penticton" run, one, each way, daily, to Penticton, at the foot of O'Kanagan Lake, where a line of fast stage coaches, carrying the traffic down to the boundary, and beyond, will eventually be replaced by a railway. The Kalamalka hotel at Vernon is all that the most fastidious tourist could require—well-planned, well-built and well-managed.

No better country for walking, driving, riding, fishing, boating, or shooting—according to the season—can be visited in British Columbia, as will be seen from the casual record of the Trippers' experiences, which, owing to circumstances and the time of year, do not cover half the ground, nor embrace half the amusement above mentioned.

On the afternoon of their arrival, three of the party set forth on foot to spy out the land. An excursion was undertaken along the road leading south from the town. The road passed, apparently, *through* one of the original homesteads of the place, the dwelling-house being on one side of the highway, and the barnyard and outbuildings on the other. An open

fence enclosing the garden revealed gigantic tiger lilies (5 feet high) in full bloom, together with various foliage plants and shrubs, growing in the rank luxuriance of vegetation which irrigation produces in British Columbia. Raspberry, currant, and rose bushes, pumpkin and water melon vines, seemed to be overpowering one another in the struggle for existence—the latter spreading over the ground in all directions, a perfect tangle of verdure, with Indian corn stalks growing among them like small trees. Beyond the old homestead, the road led under stately pines, past a woodland stock-yard on the same pro-

struggled with a gate of ancient design, made before hinges were invented, and so constructed that it had to be forcibly pushed back along the ground, and then dragged forward to its original position; so massive were its proportions that a bare foot of space was obtainable to squeeze through. This obstacle successfully overcome, the hillside beyond was breasted, with some fear of the wild cattle skirmishing about in the distance with elevated ears and twisted tails, excited by the advent of civilization in the shape of a red parasol. Upon nearer approach they were dispersed by the brandishing of a stout stick, and re-



LONG LAKE.

perty, in which some well-bred black pigs were rooting industriously, then on past a brick-field and market garden, across a bridge, and out among the moor lands and the wheat. Here the party were joined by a Vernon friend returning from a "constitutional," who, with one of the more enterprising of the trio, ascended an adjacent hill to see from its summit the view of Long Lake and the White Valley, which it commanded.

The other two pedestrians were left resting upon a log by the "Queen's Highway," and the energetic couple started on their tour. First they

tired with many playful bovine protests.

Next, a barb wire fence was scientifically overcome, and the moorland gained. Onward and upward went the pair through high bunch grass, over scaly patches of barren earth to the highest point, overlooking Vernon and Long Lake, but not, alas, the White Valley.

Result—disappointment followed by mutual observation of time pieces, rest, contemplation and conversation; then on again breathlessly to the summit of the next elevation which had interrupted the expected view. It

rose in a lofty ridge, forming the backbone of the hill, which extended for a quarter of mile in a southerly direction, then fell away in a lofty bastion of rock, like the outer wall of some huge fortress, to the wheat-fields below. From this point, the whole extent of the White Valley, bounded by a chain of cobalt blue mountains, was distinctly visible in the clear atmosphere. It seemed, as far as the eye could reach, to comprise Lord Aberdeen's ranch of 15,000 acres, whose farm buildings nestle picturesquely in a grove of poplars at the nearest end of the valley, which appeared almost within a stone's throw. The air on this breezy height was so bracing that it soon aroused a sensation of hunger, which drove the climbers down to the road, whence the pair upon the log had apparently long departed, as they were found ready waiting for dinner when the hotel was reached.

The following day, a fishing expedition was organized, and four of the Trippers, escorted by an English resident of Vernon, who knew the country, took the train from the town to the terminus of the Shuswap and O'Kanagan line on Lake O'Kanagan, five miles south. They secured a boat from the proprietor of a most romantic-looking, rambling, one-storey hotel, perfectly embowered in huge poplars and willows, and pushed out to the broad bosom of the beautiful sheet of water, 80 miles long, which was unfortunately ruffled by too strong a breeze to admit of fishing. So the four rowed aimlessly about, enjoying fresh air and sunshine, while the fifth member of the party sat on the wharf and attempted feebly to sketch a scene remarkable for its peculiar tone of coloring, which it is as impossible for the pen, as for the brush, to do justice to. Imagine broken, brown ranges of hills, covered with sun-dried bunch-grass; their pine-clad slopes melting in the distance into soft blue haze, while in the foreground they mingled their buff-colored vegetation with

the very waters on the far side of the narrow lake; on the near side stretched the wheat-fields, marked in places by rocky ledges and boulders. Poplars and willows fringed this part of the lake, and seemed to enclose its outlet, their emerald-green foliage blending with the more vivid lines of the hay marshes, and offering a harmony of verdure in strange contrast to the russet tones of the background. The party lunched on the lake shore, beneath the shade of forest trees, and returned to Vernon by the afternoon train.

The next day was dedicated to an excursion to Long Lake, with a complete outfit for deep and shallow trolling. The Trippers were joined by a recruit, who was young, strong and invaluable as an oarsman and an angler. Two vehicles were procured, and Long Lake approached by the same road as the pedestrians had taken on their first outing.

It proved to be a much prettier sheet of water than Lake O'Kanagan, with the same general characteristics of coloring, but more bays and promontories, and, being less winding, showed greater vistas of distance.

The road passed around the north end of the lake, which was lined with tall poplars and willows, and came to an abrupt ending at a fence near a boat house. The recruit possessed a key to this building, and soon launched from its mysterious depths a perfect ark, in the shape of a safe family boat capable of accommodating the whole party, which, with one consent, embarked therein. Cloaks, lunch-baskets, parasols and rods were stowed away, and two trolling lines arranged, the one with a spoon, for deep water, the other for its surface with a phantom minnow, and reel on a light bamboo rod, which was secured beneath a seat. The two men took the oars and rowed slowly down the lake. Silence reigned supreme—the silence born of a summer's day—a day of haze and heat, when the reflections were

as sharp as steel, and the voice of the grasshopper was audible, with its curious, clattering sound, as the opposite shore was neared. So loud and strident was this voice, that it suggested rattlesnakes, which were rumored to have been seen in the neighborhood. One rocky point on which it was proposed to land the artist, resounded on all sides with rattles so ominous that she positively declined to disembark. It was just off this spot that the reel first went whirr, and the angler seized the rod and reeled in the line as fast as his fingers would work, bringing to the

very enjoyable lunch. Rested and refreshed, they returned to the boat, and then a long period of fruitless rowing and trolling round the land-locked bay, was eventually rewarded by a chub for the deep line and another trout for the rod and reel. Evening was now setting in, so the boat's head was turned homeward, and it moved slowly down the lake, amid softening lights and deepening shadows and with one exciting incident—the catching by the artist of a four pound trout. Finally the boat-house came into view with carriages waiting beneath the trees, and soon

Long Lake was left behind.

The next morning two of the party, with a letter of introduction to Lord Aberdeen's manager, drove out to the Coldstream ranch—an estate of 15,000 acres, purchased by His Excellency in 1891. The road thither led in a south-easterly direction, White



VERNON.

surface, and finally depositing in the boat, a silver trout. After an interesting time in fishing and attempting to fish, and a row past the next point, lunch was the order of the day. The rattlesnakes still rattled audibly, and the ladies consequently proposed to lunch in the boat, but to this the men objected so vehemently, that a compromise was effected by running the craft on to a gravel beach overshadowed by a huge pine tree, whence snakes could be seen as well as heard. On it they landed, and arming themselves with large sticks, proceeded to dislodge the noisy reptiles, which proved, on investigation, to be merely harmless locusts. Feminine fears were allayed, and with much skirt-lifting and many side glances, the party settled down on a grassy cliff to a

Valley, in which the farm buildings and dwelling-house are situated, extending due east towards the Gold Range of mountains, whose summits, tipped with snow, were just visible in the far blue distance. The commencement of the property was marked by fields of turnips and Indian corn, with fruit trees, alternating in rows with the vegetables, and stretching in receding lines from the road to a thick belt of poplar trees, in which the barns nestled. Soon the central building, conspicuous by its flag-staff, came into view around a bend of the highway, and the village cart was halted before a double gate opening into a farmyard of quite imposing dimensions. Driving across this, the horse was tied to the fence. A tall, fine-looking man advanced from the verandah of the house to meet the Trippers.

who were refreshed with beer and milk, according to their respective tastes. After the dust of the drive had been laid, a visit to the fruit farm was proposed, and the manager led the way on, over the Coldstream Creek whose clear waters are always like ice past the modest dairy, which supplies nearly the whole of Vernon with milk and butter, down a broad lane to the vineyards. Much of the estate is planted with large and small fruits of all kinds. Hops, whose tall, grey poles

to the want of a market, which the recently opened Shuswap and O'Kanagan railway will now supply, no such variety of products has ever been attempted, nor on such a large scale as Lord Aberdeen has undertaken.

On the Coldstream Ranch, both fruit and vegetables are irrigated; water for this purpose is brought by flumes (covered or open boxes), from a distance of two miles up the valley. The old inhabitants maintain that irrigation is unnecessary, there being an abundant

rainfall in the spring and early summer months. All the best, most luxuriant and successful gardens, nevertheless, are those under irrigation, for the late summer and early autumn months are excessively dry. Settlers in the O'Kanagan valleys are now advised to avoid ranches, and undertake wheat, or fruit farms and market gardens combined. Veget-



A LAKE VIEW.

ables can be raised between the rows of trees. Strawberries and raspberries should be most profitable, as they are only grown for sale in a very limited section of British Columbia, and not in sufficient quantities to supply the cities of Victoria and Vancouver, apart from the North-West. A hop farm of ten acres will, it is affirmed, yield a crop worth \$2,000; the verdant vine certainly grows most luxuriantly in the district, and makes nearly every house a perfect bower. Hops, too, are easily exported, and command a good market in England, as well as in the Dominion. From twenty to sixty dollars per acre is the price of land about Vernon, according to its nature and locality. Lord Aberdeen's estate is being cut up and

formed a thick forest on the opposite side of the road on the same property, are an assured, profitable and prolific crop. Lord Aberdeen has acres of strawberries, raspberries, cherries, plums, prunes, apples, pears, peaches and apricots under cultivation. He is trying several of the more delicate Californian fruits, but it is doubtful whether they will thrive in White Valley, as the winters, though short, are often severe. The temperature has fallen below zero in exceptional seasons. There is a light snowfall and often good sleighing in January and February.

The O'Kanagan Valley has long been known to old settlers as a fruit-growing district, and some of the old orchards yield enormous crops; but owing

sold off in ten acre lots. Uncleared land along the railway may be had much cheaper; viz., from ten dollars per acre upwards; such as is high-priced is almost ready for the plough.

One more lovely expedition to the railway—a peninsula which narrowly escaped being an isthmus, so nearly does it touch the opposite shore of Long Lake—remains to be chronicled. The road to it takes a south-westerly course from the town, up and down, over the moorland, past belts of poplars, and little ponds on which wild ducks were floating, and where cattle were drinking deeply. It then turns towards the water, winding along the west side of the lake, through a park-like expanse of scattered fir trees growing down to its very brink and mingling their dark, heavy foliage with the lighter greens of the poplars and willows. The beautiful azure and amethyst of the lake, the soft, golden brown of the distant hills, the rich, graceful masses of plumed evergreens, the cattle feeding everywhere, and the complete silence over all, made the scene too impressive to be easily forgotten.

Time in this provincial paradise passed only too quickly. A week's leave being all that was granted, the Trippers, upon its expiration, had to set their sorrowing faces mountainwards, promising themselves a more prolonged sojourn, possibly in the autumn season, when the shooting renders Vernon particularly attractive. Besides prairie chickens, ducks and geese the country, at no great distance from the town, is full of deer, while from it there is easy access to the Similkameen district, where sheep and goats are abundant.

The last thing that caught the eye of the recording Tripper, as the train was awaited on the platform of the station, was the ubiquitous notice on an enormous scale of boarding and lettering:—

"To Homeseekers in B. C. For sale cheap. Town lots in 'Kilowna.' Beautifully situated on the shore of Lake O'Kanagan, near to Lord Aberdeen's fruit farm. Also Blocks of 5 to 50 acres each, surrounding town-site, delightful residence property, suitable for fruit and hop culture, and 19,000 acres choice farm lands, in quantities to suit purchasers. Reasonable prices, easy terms. For particulars apply to O'Kanagan Land & Colonization Co., Kilowna. Thos. Spence, Manager."

WINTER AT NIAGARA-ON-THE-LAKE.

No tumult here,
No ceaseless tramp of hurrying toilers' feet,—
Only a hush above the wide old street;

Or loud and clear,
Up from the long, low line that bounds the lake,
The noisy crash of waves that rise and break.

And over all,
Lost in the hush and mingling with the roar
Of sullen waters breaking on the shore,

The bugle call
Drifts from the Fort, that nestles, quaint and low,
Beyond the river's frozen fields of snow.

M. G.

"BRUMMAGEM" JEWELLERY.

BY BERNARD McEVOY.

THE gilt jewellery to which the term "Brummagem" owes its rise, was probably made in the Warwickshire town of Birmingham early in the last century, when the population of the place was only about five thousand. The name Birmingham was originally "Bromwycheam," and this ancient Saxon appellation was corrupted by common usage into the less scholarly "Brummagem," a pronunciation which is still common in the Midlands. In 1704 there was at least one "gilt-toy maker," as the manufacturer of seals, "fob-chains," and buckles was then designated. The ordinary way of wearing one of the large turnip-shaped watches of those and many succeeding days was in a separate, narrow and deep pocket, in front of a man's breeches, from whence it had to be extracted by the "fob-chain," terminating in one or more seals and articles of jewellery—charms as we should call them now—which hung down in front. Readers of Dickens will remember that of Mr. Weller, Senior, it is said that "a copper watch-chain, terminating in one seal, and a key of the same material, dangled loosely from his capacious waistband;" and also when Sam Weller is telling the story of the fat man, "as hadn't caught a glimpse of his own shoes for five and forty year," he describes him as having "a very handsome gold watch-chain hanging out about a foot and a quarter, and a gold watch in his fob pocket."

It was the making of these chains, seals, and watch-keys of "gilding metal"—a mixture of copper and zinc—and gilding them by what is called the mercury process, that led to the term "Brummagem" coming to describe, as it ultimately did, something that was

merely an imitation of what it pretended to be. Tony Weller's copper watch chain was no doubt of Birmingham manufacture, but with the gilding worn off it. These articles when new looked just as good as gold, and had the merit of being useful even when their true character became apparent, and the base metal of which they were composed showed through the thin coating of gold that covered them. Women's brooches, and various other knickknacks were also made in the same way, and at the beginning of the present century a flourishing trade was carried on in them.

The "gilding metal" which served as their foundation was an alloy in considerable demand. It was produced in the following way. A brass was made by melting together in a crucible fifty pounds of copper with forty pounds of zinc. This brass was run into small ingots, and a subsequent alloy was made by melting thirty-five pounds of it with fifty-two pounds of copper. The metal was then run into flat ingots, and rolled or drawn into wire in the usual manner. In making the various articles the parts were soldered together with what was called "hard" solder, a brass containing such a proportion of zinc as to be brittle when red hot. In that state it was pounded, in an iron mortar, with a heavy iron pestle about four feet long, until it was reduced to powder, and afterwards was passed through sieves of varying degrees of coarseness. For use in the "Brummagem jewellery" it was required to be tolerably fine, and, for the purposes of manufacture, was made into a sort of paste with water and borax which had been previously calcined and powdered. The borax served as a flux to

make the grains of solder melt and run together readily, and the various parts of a seal, or other article made in this way, were thus united as firmly as if made of one piece of metal.

Soldering is now done by means of the oxyhydrogen blow pipe, or the blow pipe in which gas and air unite at the nozzle, the air being supplied by bellows or a fan. In those early days of trinket-making there was no gas. Murdoch had not yet fitted up his house at Soho, near Birmingham, with the pipes and gas fixtures which were for a long time the wonder of the world. Houses were lighted by candles, and the streets by dingy lamps in which whale or seal oil was used.

The artificer had to use an oil-lamp, too, for his soldering. But the flame of an oil-lamp, however large, is not hot enough, unassisted, to melt brass. It was necessary, therefore, to propel air through it, so as to cause a more vivid combustion of its hydrocarbons.

The soldering bench was about three feet high, and under it was fixed a pair of blacksmith's bellows, capable of being operated by a treadle and the foot of the workman. On the top of this bench, and near the end of it, above the nozzle of the bellows, the soldering-lamp was fixed. This consisted essentially of a vessel to contain the animal oil, and it had, rising from one end of it, a contrivance like the lower half of a duck's bill, in the concavity of which the lamp wick, of loosely plaited flax and consisting of several strands, was laid. A metal pipe, terminating in a taper blow-pipe of copper, brought the air from the bellows, the nozzle of the blow-pipe being placed just above the lamp wick in the duck's bill. By skilfully arranging his wick with a bit of wire, the workman obtained a large flame, and blowing upon it with the bellows, he directed a tongue of fire on the articles he wished to solder. These had previously been "charged" with the paste of powdered brass and borax, and they were laid in rows on a small pan

containing charcoal. As they were brought successively under the heat of the lamp, they became white hot, and the solder ran into the interstices, making a neat joint, which was afterwards trimmed up with a small file. It may be imagined that the jeweller's shops of those days, where this process went on, were intolerably smoky places. The smoke and smell from the lamp was considerable, and the ceiling was usually covered with a thick deposit of black.

The seals and various other trinkets thus formed may still be seen in the old curiosity shops, and in the cabinets of the antiquarian, and a few years ago the fashion of wearing them was revived. As a rule, they did not display very much of artistic design. All that was aimed at was a tolerably ornamental holder for the stone on which the device was to be engraved, (in many cases these stones were left plain), and an upper ring to enable them to be hung upon the chain. When once a suitable pattern was evolved, it was usually adhered to for a considerable period, though in the later years of this trade a competitive spirit brought forward many new designs, and even laid the animal, the floral and the reptile worlds under contribution for their forms of construction.

Quicksilver gilding was the method then adopted for coating the trinkets with gold. It was rather a clumsy process, and it was bad for the health of those who conducted it. The amalgam for the purpose was prepared by placing a crucible in a charcoal stove and putting into it a quantity of pure mercury. When this attained a heat of about 212° Fahrenheit, half its weight of pure gold was added, and the mixture was stirred with an iron rod until it was of the consistency of butter. It was then thrown into cold water and was ready for use. The trinkets were cleansed with aquafortis, and put into a stoneware pan, where a diluted solution of binocide of mer-

cury was poured over them, care being taken to move the articles about all the time in order to cover them with a uniform white coating of mercury. To these the proper proportion of amalgam was added, and the articles were further stirred until it was spread all over them. They were then rinsed in clean water and placed in a large, deep, copper ladle, perforated with numerous small holes, and having a long handle. In this they were held over a charcoal fire and constantly stirred about to equalize the effect of the heat. The mercury of the amalgam was soon volatilized, and the gold adhered firmly to the articles.

If, instead of a yellow gilding, a red color was desired, as it frequently was, "waxing" was resorted to. This consisted in pouring upon the pieces, kept in a ladle over the fire in a well-mixed and fluid state, a compound of oil, yellow wax, acetate of copper, and red ochre. The articles were constantly agitated, and the mixture allowed to flare up and burn out, and the whole was ultimately thrown into a diluted solution of sulphuric acid. The "waxing" was done only after the complete volatilization of the mercury. When removed from the "pickle," as the acid was called, the gilding had a dull appearance, and it was subsequently either "scratch-brushed," or brightened in a long, narrow bag, with small nuggets and granules of copper, and vinegar water, a too-and-fro motion being imparted to the bag, so that the gilt articles and the bits of copper polished each other. They were afterwards rinsed in clean water and dried in box-wood sawdust.

All these processes required the skill and care of the craftsman, but one who was entirely master of his art only earned, at that time, a sum equal to about \$6 or \$8 per week—and considered himself well paid. On the other hand, his employer frequently made a fortune. He was able, before competition became keen, to charge a comparatively high price for his wares.

As a rule, it was not necessary for him to make any very close calculation as to cost, and in one case, the story of which was told to the writer by the son of the manufacturer mentioned, he was in the habit, after getting out a new pattern, of mentally fixing on two prices, either of which would afford him a handsome profit, and then throwing into the air a walking cane. If it fell on the handle end, he adopted one figure, and, if on the ferule, the other!

London was the great mart for the Brummagem gilt-trinket maker. He rode there on the top of the four-horse coach, loaded with samples and stock of his goods, which he dealt with in the neighborhoods of Clerkenwell and Houndsditch. His wares were also purchased by pedlers, who sold them through the country, frequently at fabulous prices, the rural buyers being easily persuaded that they were gold, and having no means of detecting that they were otherwise. It is thus easy to understand how "Brummagem" came to be a by-word. The discovery of the cheat led ultimately to the introduction, on a wider scale than formerly, of gold jewellery; and, as gold jewellery was naturally expensive, the limit of base alloy that would pass muster was soon reached. In addition to this, gold-plated jewellery was introduced. For this kind, a flat piece of gold, of standard or lower quality—the "standard" being 22 karats of gold to two of alloy—was superimposed and soldered on a thick strip of copper. The combination thus produced was rolled down to the required thinness or drawn into wire, so that articles made of it had an outside of gold which would wear much longer than the mercury gilding, and yet were mainly composed of base metal. Another "Brummagem" device was thus added to the *repertoire* of the jewellery trade.

The "gilt toy" trade of Birmingham gradually declined and fell. Sixty years ago it had practically come to an end.

The fashion of wearing one's watch in a fob-pocket had given place to the present mode, and, besides, a prejudice had arisen against the old-fashioned gilt goods. It was not considered to be "good form" to wear them, and, when the upper classes took to the use of watch guards made of hair or braid, as they did for a time, the gilt toy-makers felt they had fallen on evil days, for "the million" soon followed suit. On the other hand, the making of gold jewellery of a much better class was introduced in Birmingham, and received a great impetus when the assay laws were altered, as they were forty years ago. A Government assay office was established in Birmingham in 1773. Previous to the alteration of the assay laws, only standard plate was marked, viz.:—22 karats fine in gold, and in silver 11 oz. 2 dwts. of pure metal to 18 oz. of copper. But the new law allowed the hall-marking of gold articles down to 9 karats; i.e., 9 karats of gold to 15 of alloy, this being the lowest mixture that will "stand the acid," in other words, that will not be oxydized when nitric acid is applied to it.

Side by side, there grew up in Birmingham two sorts of jewellery craftsmanship. The one made gold chains, brooches, ear-rings, lockets, seals, and other articles that were beautiful in design and valuable as to their material. The other devoted its attention to equally good-looking jewellery, but of a much cheaper alloy. At the present time there is probably more jewellery of both sorts made there than at any other place in the world—many of the manufacturing houses turning out a product which is deservedly admired for its artistic design and for the perfection of its workmanship.

Birmingham was destined, however, to maintain its reputation as a place where cheap jewellery was to be found. The introduction of electro-deposition led to a manufacture which was the legitimate succession of the old quicksilver-gilt trinket trade.

Makers of electro-gilt chains, brooches, lockets, ear-rings, and other knick-knacks rapidly sprang up on all sides, and this sort of Brummagem ware was soon made by the ton, finding its way all over the world to the markets rapidly being opened by commercial enterprise. There is a considerable district in that city—now grown from a place of 5,000 inhabitants to one of 400,000—which is honey-combed by these trades and those allied to them. In that quarter, nearly every business sign denotes that the occupier is a goldsmith, a precious stone dealer, a manufacturer of gilt jewellery, a gold chain maker, a silversmith, or something of the sort. At meal hours, or when the time for leaving work arrives, the streets are thronged with jewellery operatives of both sexes, of which there are perhaps 10,000 at work in the neighborhood referred to.

It would be impossible, within the limits of a short article, to describe the various processes in the course of which gold and copper are alloyed, poured into ingots, rolled into flat sheets, drawn into wire, stamped, hammered, engraved, soldered, polished, set with precious stones, and otherwise treated, until they lie in the jeweller's tray, to be looked at and wondered over by the admirers of goldsmith's work. One or two familiar sights of the Birmingham jewellery quarter call, however, for a moment's attention. For instance, coming along the street, the passer-by may notice a youth carrying what looks like a small roll of iron ribbon, but that it is smoother than iron would be and a trifle more uniform in its dark grey color. It is, in reality, an alloy of gold and copper—perhaps 15 or 18 karats out of 24 being pure metal. This is generally considered by the trade a highly respectable proportion, and the best class of goldsmith's work is made from it. Although the little roll looks so worthless, its value may probably be reckoned by hundreds of dollars, and in the boy's pocket there

are, perhaps, one or two flat ingots of the same precious metal, worth many hundreds more.

He is going to the rolling mill—"flattening mill" was the London name of it, *vide* Cowper's poem on the subject—to get the metal prepared for use. The ingots he is going to have rolled out into what is technically called "flat," and the roll of gold ribbon is to be reduced to thinner gauges for various uses. Arrived at the rolling mill, he "weighs in" his gold at the office before passing inside, and he diligently watches his trust through its various processes, whether being passed under polished steel rollers, or annealed in a reverberatory furnace, technically called a "muffle." When it has become too hard and brittle for further rolling, (it is rolled in a cold state), it has to be annealed again and again until it is gradually brought to the required thinness. When it has at last been brought to this state it is frequently rolled up into one package for the last annealing, and, hanging this on to a piece of bent wire, its guardian goes to the office to "weigh out." Having satisfied himself that the metal has not lost more than a due proportion in the process, he goes boldly on his way to the workshop, satisfied that if any evil disposed person endeavors to take it from him he will find it too hot for his fingers. But although considerable quantities of the precious metal are carried about the streets thus openly, there are few robberies. There have, however, been times in Birmingham when "hot-pots" have been known by the police to exist. These were crucibles of the kind used for melting gold, kept constantly at the fusing point, so that any haul of gold or silver might be dropped in and at once lose its identity. The agents of these nefarious receivers have sometimes assaulted the gold porters in the street and got off clear with their booty, but it speaks well for the police arrangements that this kind of crime is now exceedingly rare.

The work bench at which the goldsmith works is of a peculiar shape; its superficies may be described as rectangular, with a semi-circular scollop on each of three sides, the remaining side being fixed against the wall. In each of the three scollops sits a workman, and in front of him hangs down a tanned sheep-skin, suspended in such a manner as to catch any filings or small bits and cuttings that may fall in the course of his work. Near him is a gas-flame, carried by a swivel fixture, so constructed as to turn down the gas when it is pushed away from him, and to make the flame larger when he draws it towards him. He uses, for uniting the various parts of the articles he constructs, a solder composed of various proportions of gold, silver, copper, and zinc, fusing the same by directing the gas flame upon it by means of a mouth blowpipe. He uses borax for a flux.

On the goldsmith's bench are gathered the products of various trades. The die-sinker has cut the dies in which are struck the shell work for ear-rings, brooches, or rings, some of them of great beauty and clearness of form. Wires of various shapes have been produced by the wire drawer. The lapidary has cut the precious stones with their numerous facets. It is the work of the goldsmith to unite these parts into the beautiful whole, which gradually grows under his hands. While he is working at it, beauty of form is manifest, but it is of a dirty and oxydized color. It is only when it is polished by the polisher, or "colored" by being subjected to the action of saltpetre in a vivid state of combustion, that its full glory appears. The last process burns out the alloy from the surface and leaves a skin, so to speak, of pure gold. Only the higher qualities of gold work are susceptible of this treatment. Great care is taken to preserve all the "leml"—a word, the origin of which I have been unable to find, and which means the filings and bits that the goldsmith

produces in the course of his work. The shop is swept twice a day and the sweepings are carefully stored. The water in which the work people's hands are washed, and in which the gold articles are rinsed, is also saved, and allowed to settle. A handsome sum is realized, at the end of the year, by the sale to the refiner of these products, the value of which may be judged when the reader is told that dishonest workmen have sometimes added to their income by acquiring the habit of passing their hands through their hair and afterwards washing their heads and collecting the grains of gold thus procured.

Although large quantities of cheap jewellery are still made in Birmingham it may be said that the city has

redeemed its character in the eyes of the world so far as trinkets are concerned. The buyers of two hemispheres know that some of the rarest goldsmith's work may be found there. There are produced the beautiful mayoral chains with which the chief magistrates of many cities are now decorated. A well appointed school of design has been established, at which artificers in gold and silver may learn the artistic principles that underlie their work, and there is an art museum where the works of Benvenuto Cellini and other great goldsmiths may be studied. But the mind of the initiated observer goes back to the time when the antique workman of a bygone age made such Brummagem ware as hung out of Tony Weller's fob.

SO POOR—SO RICH.

Ho ! ye men afield that reap !
One from out your toiling band
Dropped the sickle from his hand,
And at noonday lies asleep—
Where the sunlight and God's grace
Glorify his aged face.

Scanty were the gains he stored ;
Needed he no vault to hold
All his silver and his gold !
By his fealty to his Lord,
Hallowed life and deeds of love,
Laid he treasure up above.

Mute the death bell in the tower,
While the few he loved the best
Bear the poor man to his rest :
Yea, 'tis empty hands they lower,
But their hoard God keeps in trust :
"Earth to earth, and dust to dust !"

SO RICH—SO POOR.

Draw the silken curtains tight ;
Shut the sunshine from the room ;
Let no ray dispel the gloom
Save the waxen tapers' light :
One, mid jasmine scent and bloom
Lies anointed for the tomb.

All the hoard of harvests past,
All the fruitage of his years—
Of his threescore bounteous years,—
Yonder lusty door holds fast,—
Fast from him who sleeps, for he
Has forgot its "Sesame !"

Tolls the death-bell in the tower,
While the black slow-moving tide
Tells the world—*A rich man died !*
Yet 'tis empty hands they lower,—
Hands that toiled for moth and rust :
"Earth to earth, and dust to dust !"



CITY OF MEXICO.

MEXICO AND ITS PEOPLE.

BY P. H. BRYCE, M.A., M.D.

RUNNING in a southwesterly direction from the main street of the city of Mexico, the Avenida de San Francisco, and starting from the point marked by an anachronism, the statue of Charles IV. of Spain, familiarly known to the common people as the statue of the Caballo Chico, or Little Horse, is the broad avenue of two chains or more in width, known as the Paseo. This grand drive, the "Rotten Row" or Rue du Roi of Mexico, running for a distance of two miles, terminates at the base of a volcanic rock, whose majestic height is crowned by the Castillo de Chapultepec, the residence of kings, viceroys, emperors, and presidents of ages pre-historic and historic, and renowned in story as the scene of events as classic and full of interest as those which attach to the Acropolis of Athens, "the eye of Greece, mother of arts and elo-

quence." Chapultepec is, indeed, the eye of Mexico. She looks down on the rich valley of Mexico, and from her height the eye beholds that valley lying between the two mountain ranges which bound the plain or *mesa* of the federal district, and within whose narrow limits have occurred events which make up a page of history than which none of the old world's story is more remarkable, or fuller of sad but all-absorbing interest. Below this "heaven-kissing" hill lies the ancient city, a city to-day of 350,000 inhabitants, but beneath whose paved streets lie the buried monuments of the people of many cities, one after the other departed, to become relics of a past which reappears only now and then from the pages of some forgotten chronicle, or as "a sermon in stones," when from the soil which once floated upon an ancient

lake some "calendar stone" or "Indio triste" is exhumed by the work of some modern engineer.

This ancient city, then, must be for us, as it ever has been for others, the centre of greatest interest. But before dealing with it in detail we must for

bounded by the Pacific on the west and the Gulf of Mexico on the east. Though not more than 700 miles in width on the north, and though narrowing to 116 miles at its southern border, Mexico extends for many hundred miles north and south between the parallels 14° to 30° N. It is, however, only one-fifth the area of Canada or of the United States, but is six times as large as Great Britain, while its importance may, to some extent, be measured when we know that it has more than 11,000,000 of people.

Its physical features, are, moreover, very unusual. With a coastline mostly level, bordered by many islands, and indented by many *lagunos* or bays, it nevertheless must be looked upon as a mountainous country, the land sloping upward from either sea till mountain ranges are reached, rising in peaks having in some instances a height of more than 17,000 feet. These mountains form two



AZTEC CALENDAR.

a moment take a glance at the country of which this old city is the capital. All are familiar with the comparatively narrow strip of land lying south of the Rio Grande, the great river of Texas, which land runs southward, shaped as a cornucopia, and is

ranges, a division of the Cordilleras of Central America, which run northward, and are known as the Sierra Madre Oriental and the Sierra Madre Occidental. These, again, are broken up and receive different names, such as the mighty Sierra Nevada, lying

east of the city of Mexico, and famous for its two snow-clad peaks, Popocatepetl, "the smoking mountain," and Ixtacewatl, "the white lady," from 14,000 to 17,000 feet above the sea.

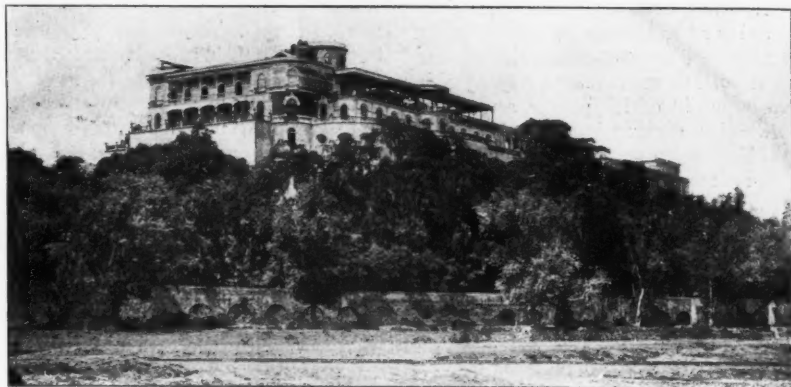
Lying between these two ranges of volcanic rock are the great *mesas* or tablelands, having heights of from 7,000 feet downward to 4,000 feet, where the Rio Grande is crossed at El Paso. Though being in the latitude of the Sahara and Arabian deserts, the altitude of these great table lands gives to a large part of Mexico a climate most unlike that of those arid wastes of the east.

Though possessing tropical forest in the lowlands sloping towards the sea, the larger portion of Mexico has, from its height, a comparatively temperate climate. As every 700 feet of height is commonly estimated as equivalent to a degree of latitude, the climate of the Mexican table land is very much the same as regards average—though

are very hot at noonday, though it is cool in the shade; while one is informed that even in summer few nights are so warm that a blanket on the bed is found uncomfortable.

The high ranges of mountains cause the vapours blowing up from the sea to become condensed into rain, and so it happens that while abundant rains form mountain torrents and rivers running to the sea, the central tableland has an aridity which in some years is almost complete, but which in any year is seldom broken except by the rains of the late spring and early summer.

I have referred to the valley of Mexico as the Mexico which I viewed so briefly, and do not wish it to be thought that this fully represents the tropical appearance of the Mexico of the sea shore. However, so far as the historic Mexico and its people are concerned, the valley of Mexico is that part about which history and legend



CASTLE OF CHAPULTEPEC.

not occasional—cold as that of western Tennessee. Though no snow falls, the evenings grow cold enough to occasionally have slight frost; while the altitude, with the extreme dryness of the table-lands, makes the daily range of temperature from mid-day to evening quite extreme. In the clear sunshine, the direct rays of the sun

cling, and which gave to the country its characteristics as the Spain of the New World.

So long as men have existed or shall exist, so long the lives of a people become the chief centre of attraction and study. Heroic actions, social and intellectual life, and the sentiments and religion of any people are, of all sub-

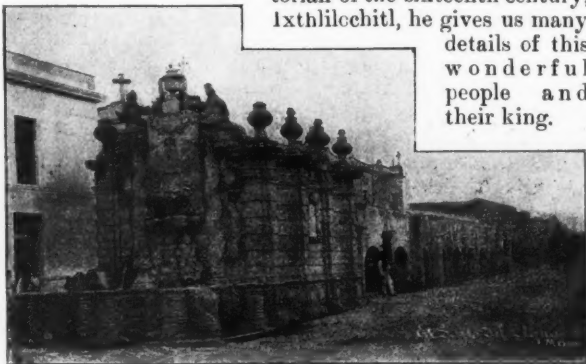
jects, those in which we as moral and intellectual beings become most readily and intensely interested. Though it be true that for three hundred years Mexico has been a country little read of or cared for in the history of the world's political movements, yet nevertheless, there has existed there a political and social life in many ways of extreme interest and importance. At the time of the Conquest there were, according to all evidences, several millions of people in the valley of Mexico, and one has only to read the history of that conquest to realize how intense a life that of the ancient Aztec was.

At the coming of Cortes, the Aztec warrior race, Indian in blood, as its traditional descent from the country to the northward shows, had attained the summit of its power and glory; while its civilization, borrowed from its Toltec predecessors in the valley, had in its political development attained a point worthy of comparison with many of the countries of Europe at that time.

The Toltec race, the civilized Greeks, so to speak, of the valley of Mexico, had, as tradition goes, reached the valley in the seventh century, and finally became the "teachers of wisdom" to all the tribes or nations on plateau and mountain side, extending from the western ocean to the shores of the eastern sea. Within authentic history, for the century preceding the Conquest, the Toltecs had occupied the north-eastern side of the valley across Lake Texcuco, and, under the wise Prince Nezthualcoyotl, a King Arthur and King Alfred in one, had built up a great city, Texcuco, the Mexican Athens, by the borders of the

ancient lake, and a social and political life which recalls the glories of an Assyrian empire under Sennacherib, or of a Persia under Cyrus the Great. Over this Golden Age of the Toltecs, between A. D. 1,400 and 1,500, Prescott grows eloquent, and following the Toltec historian of the sixteenth century, Ixthilicchitl, he gives us many

details of this wonderful people and their king.



FOUNTAIN AND AQUEDUCT, EL SALTO.

Having had the good fortune to visit the old town of Texcuco and surroundings, with a Canadian friend, a resident of Mexico, I may be forgiven for having become specially interested in the place, and for referring to some of the historic evidences of its former greatness, part of which I saw. Its great monarch, Nezthualcoyotl, had a royal residence and public offices of great extent, from east to west 1,234 yards and 978 from north to south all encompassed by a wall of unburnt bricks six feet wide by nine to fifteen high. Within the wall were two courts. The inner held the council chambers, courts of justice, accommodation for ambassadors, apartments for men of science, poets, etc., who met together under its marble porticoes; while the outer court was the great market-place for the people. Adjoining the inner court were the royal apartments, incrustated, we are told, with stucco and alabaster, richly tinted and hung with gorgeous featherwork and tapestries. These courts led through arcades and labyrinths of

shrubby, with baths and fountains, shadowed by tall groves of cedar and cypress. In all there are said to have been 300 compartments, some of them fifty yards square. The buildings were probably not high; but that they were of stone is seen in the fact that their ruins have supplied unlimited materials for the churches and other buildings since erected by the Spaniards. It is said 200,000 workmen were employed to construct these buildings; and when it is remembered that the stone had to be quarried on the mountains many miles away, the truth of the statement seems not improbable.

Neztualcoyotl had numerous villas in addition, and of these his favorite

one was at Tzocozinco, a conical hill some six miles from Texcuco. This old hill was visited. The few remains of former magnificence are those carved in the enduring trachyte of the mountain side. There still remains, at a point where the rock wall is almost perpendicular, what was evidently the king's bath, a circular basin some four feet in diameter by three feet deep, with a level cut surface on the surrounding rock, and a bulwark of rock some four feet high, on the outer side, having several square niches (for soap I suppose), and at one end a seat cut in the rock for taking a sun-bath. From a point immediately adjacent, begins a flight of steps said to be 520 in number.

The beauty of these I have never seen equalled in rock-cut steps anywhere. The rise is about six inches, the width of the steps about three feet, and the surface of each step seems to have been purposely bevelled so that the foot would, in ascending, be placed wholly on the stone. The lines everywhere were right lines, and the circles perfect, so far as the eye could judge.

The historian gives many details of how this paradise was supplied from the higher hills by an aqueduct with water, and of how marble statues and fountains ornamented its terraces and summit. After viewing some of the antiquities in the national museum of Mexico, such as a wonderful calendar stone



AN AZTEC IDOL.

I, personally, after reading the history of Mexico from various sources, and from such few evidences of the past as I saw, am quite prepared to believe the stories of Ixtlilochitl and the later monkish historians.

Before passing to modern Mexico, it is, however, proper that reference be made to what we are told formed, of all pieces of architecture in Mexican cities, the most striking feature. These were the Mexican temples, the *teocallis*, or "houses of God," as they were called. Readers of the account of the siege of the city by Cortes, will remember the descriptions of the terrible sights which froze the hearts of the cavaliers of the investing army, as nightly after the day's battle, they saw the glare of the never-dying fires, the priests marching from one level to another of these terrible altars, the victim, mayhap some proud knight of Castile, being driven onward to the summit, where, in view of whole armies, his heart was torn out on the sacrificial stone. When it is recounted that as many as 50,000 prisoners were sacrificed in one year to the terrible God, Huitzilopochtli, the extent of this worship may be estimated—there being, it is stated, 400 altars within the City of Mexico alone. Some of these temples in Mexico were of great extent and height; that at Cholula was the greatest shrine in all Mexico.

Prescott remarks of the great *teocalli* of Cholula, "that the traveller still gazes upon it with admiration, as the most colossal fabric of New Spain, rivalling in dimensions, and somewhat resembling in form, the pyramidal structures of Ancient Egypt. It had the form, common to the Mexican *teocallis*, of a truncated pyramid, facing with its four sides toward the cardinal points, and divided into the same number of terraces." Its height is 177 feet, its base 1423 feet long, covering 40 acres. On the summit stood a lofty temple or tower (doubtless built like those of Mexico and other cities)

which was the sanctuary proper, within which stood the sacred images of the presiding deities. Before these towers stood the dreadful Stone of Sacrifice, and two lofty altars on which the fires were kept, "as inextinguishable as those in the temple of Vesta."

We have thus briefly described the two main classes of architecture which both historian and ruins attest to have existed at the time of the conquest. The mighty city of 200,000 inhabitants, conquered by Cortes, was composed, even to the King's palaces, of one storied houses, the better class built of red stone, ornamented with marble and finished in odoriferous carved woods and stucco; while the poorer class were made, as at present, of sun-dried bricks, covered with thatch.

Such was Mexico 350 years ago, and we naturally enquire what changes these three hundred and more years have brought about.

We know what they have produced in Great Britain, for instance. From the cold, badly lighted and badly ventilated buildings, even of the rich, we have seen in England everything added which can make a house habitable and life therein enjoyable,—except in the cabins of the poor. And at this point we must begin with modern Mexico. Until 1820, Mexico was a colony of Spain, and, with the exception of a relatively few noble Aztec families, whose daughters, the followers of Cortes, all soldiers of fortune, married, the millions of native Mexicans were largely in the position of serfs; and now, after seventy more years, 75 per cent. of the population can neither read nor write. Revolution has succeeded revolution, dictator after dictator, and not until within the last twenty years has Mexico begun the true career which should belong to eleven millions of people owning a country many parts of which were and are still veritable gardens of Eden.

The nature of the siege by Cortes made necessary the destruction of

practically the whole City of Mexico. It lasted several months, and the defence was of the most desperate character. Assaults and deeds of daring failed against the multitudes, and nothing less than the levelling of the houses as the troops advanced, and the filling up of canals, made success possible; so that so far as the City of Mexico goes, it is wholly Spanish in its streets and public squares, and the character of its principal houses.

At the time of the Conquest it was a city of dykes and canals, with here and there squares made solid with

every class. To-day, along the canal de Vega, by taking passage in one of the curious flat-bottomed gondolas, with an awning stretched over it, you may go for a mile or two past little groups of single-roomed adobe-houses, thatched in a way quite as primitive, I am sure, as any ever were at the Conquest. This class of house or cabin is developed, as one sees in different cities in different parts of the country, to an indefinite extent. Ordinarily it is one-storied, but its walls outside may be neatly made and plastered with the same class of material as the



THE CATHEDRAL, MEXICO.

earth. Now the remains of the old city make ground for the new; and in laying foundations to-day the workman daily exhumes some sculptured stone or other relics of the past; while by causeways, canals and tunnels, the water level of the valley has been and is still being lowered, so that a first-class system of sewers in all parts of the city will soon be an accomplished fact. But what of old Mexico? Gradually, we are told, as the conquerors began to build, the Mexicans returned to certain portions of the old city, and engaged in the work as laborers of

bricks are made of; it may be divided into a number of rooms and even have two stories. Owing to the dry climate, the intense sunlight of the plateau, and, I presume, the character of the soil, it is likely that the large sun-dried mass of clay, with chopped grass to bind it, made in a mould a foot square or more, will long remain a convenient building material for the common people, and for making walls for corals and other similar purposes. Practically the only other building material is stone. Remembering the volcanic character of the Sierra Madre,

both Oriental and Occidental, it will be seen that a porous tufaceous rock or a hard trachyte are those most available.

The latter is what seems to be mostly used in the expensive buildings, while in the greater number of structures I imagine that it is the softer rock, finished, as they all are in the well built streets of Mexico, by smooth plastered surfaces. Such are the materials seen on every hand to constitute the buildings.

Far up on the mountain sides, beyond 10,000 feet, there are wooded slopes; but the magnificent groves of cypress and cedar said to have existed everywhere throughout the valley at the time of the Conquest have disappeared under the hand of the ruthless so-called civilizer, who imagined, while he destroyed, that New Spain, when robbed of her trees, would look more like his barren Castilian plains.

Before describing the buildings and their interiors, it will be proper to refer to the general appearance of a Mexican city. I had the opportunity of visiting several cities, and all seem to be constructed, so far as the surface makes possible, on the same general plan. Everything centralizes at the plaza or city square, called the *zocalo*, and in the City of Mexico "Plaza de Armes." About this square are ranged the cathedral and municipal buildings; and in Mexico the departmental government buildings. From the plaza runs the *calle real* or main street. Along it may be one or more parks, while other streets are parallel to the main street or cross it at right angles.

In the City of Mexico, this arrangement is exquisitely carried out. The main street, *Avenida de San Francisco*, runs for some six squares of principal shops, and then widens out into broad drives on either side of the Alameda, or alley of poplars, as it properly means, but what is really a beautiful promenade with broad walks lined with ash or lime trees, with awnings stretched at many points for protection against

the fierce rays of the mid-day sun. Pretty flower-beds and fountains are here and there intermingled with the walks. These broad drives on either side of the Alameda continue as a wide drive for some squares to a bronze statue of Charles IV. of Spain. At this point, continues, south-westerly, the Paseo or grand promenade or drive, which runs for two miles directly to the Castillo de Chapultepec. It is two chains, at least, in width, and has various statues of historic personages. Its equipages, in number and style, are probably not excelled on any grand drive on this continent. Such then are the outlines of the City of Mexico and, unless in extent, of those of other Mexican towns.

With regard to the appearance of the houses and streets, the latter are, as a rule in Mexico, about a chain wide and generally cobble-stoned. Several of the principal streets are now asphalted from wall to wall and kept fairly clean.

The houses, on account of earthquakes, it is said with some reason, are low, seldom more than two stories, thick-walled, flat-roofed, and so equally built that they seem like mere rows of white walls. The windows of the lower stories, when not shops, are barred with iron railings, and the upper stories are provided with a balcony, extending usually the width of two windows and not more than two feet beyond the wall line. These are almost universal in the better houses and are supplied with a vertical awning enabling one to see up and down the street without being readily observed. From behind these awnings love-sick maidens make eyes, on the sly, at their patient lovers, standing perchance in the doorway of a neighboring house. This is the national custom of courting or "playing the bear" as it is called.

But the plain bare wall gives no index of the house within. The average frontage of the city residences is probably 30 feet. On the ground floor is a



STONES OF AZTEC TEMPLE.

barred window, and a gateway or doorway, having heavy oak doors carefully guarded by the porter and locked after six in the evening. Entering the gateway a carriage drives to the inner flagged court, around which are the offices, rooms of the porter, and the stables. This court opens to the sky, and hence receives the name of *patio*, and, according to the depth of the lot, may be divided into one or more similar courts. The stables are always on the ground floor, and open on the court. The resident of this self-contained abode almost always lives on the first floor or second story. A stairway with several square turns leads from the court to the landing, which is railed off from the *patio*, and, according to the size of the residence, is a narrow walk sometimes of three feet, or, as in the Hotel Iturbide,—the palace of the first emperor of free Mexico,—it is a covered piazza running all around the square court, on which the rooms of the family open.

The *patio* is ordinarily to one side, leaving space for a tier of rooms along the side of it. To the front of the *patio* is the parlor or *salon*, with one

or more bedrooms, while behind the court are the dining room, kitchen, bath-room, etc. With slight variations, this will describe the home of the well-to-do resident of Mexico.

In one or two newer houses, occupied by Canadians, the ground floors are becoming living rooms for the families. This practice will become more common as the drainage improves and as the ground-water lowers; but the ground floors have not been healthy and have been hitherto turned over to the servants.

The house interiors, as in all southern countries, with their courts, give many opportunities for decorative art. The patios, opening to the sky, are decorated with flowers in pots and flower urns of various descriptions, the climate allowing roses to bloom throughout the whole year. It is a land of sunshine and flowers the year round. House decorations have hitherto been Parisian in style and manufacture; but within the past twenty years, with the advent of railways, German, English and American merchants have pushed their wares, and to-day one sees in the costumes of

gentlemen and ladies the same styles as in the north.

I have referred to architecture generally, but there are in several public buildings, and, above all, in the churches of the country, examples of an architecture, which in classic lines of beauty reproduce in detail much of what one sees in the architecture of mediæval Europe.

Of these may be mentioned the ancient cemetery of Guanahuahuata, enclosing a square burying-ground, with a covered court looking on it from three sides; while the walls of the court have the surface of cut stone divided into tiers of sarcophagi, one above the other to the height of ten feet, with inscriptions much after the style of the old Roman tombs. Beneath are crude catacombs, wherein are mummies and the bones of thousands piled in vaults.

The old governor's palace, now a State prison, in Guanahuahuata, is a typical old Spanish structure. Built square with heavy stone, with outer walls smooth and white, it has finely-worked frieze under the cornice at the top of the wall. The roof of cement is flat and has a bulwark, some five feet high, of the extended wall, all around. It is the scene of one of the most glorious fights for liberty in the Revolution of 1817.

The Castillo de Chapultepec, in many ways the most interesting spot in Mexico, stands on the volcanic rock pushed up in the plain at the head of the Paseo, or promenade. First the rock fortress of the Aztecs, it became after the Conquest the site of a hunting-castle for the viceroys; a chapel later in the eighteenth century; then a prison; while in 1785, the Count Bernardo de Galvez began the erection of a large fortified castle, completed at a cost of \$300,000. This was in 1842 converted into the Military School. The castle rock was captured in 1847 by a United States army, and Maximilian, during his brief reign, renovated it in Pompeiian style, and

it became his favorite residence. To-day it is a military school in part, and, in summer, apartments are occupied by the President. It forms, as now seen, an irregular rectangle from two to four stories high, and consists of several buildings in Tuscan and Pompeiian style, having a façade on the east and south sides, with arcades and porches supported by Corinthian pillars. The roofs, as usual, are flat, and all serve as promenades. The American Public Health Association was received by the President at Chapultepec, and entertained *al fresco* by tables set on the pleasant promenades of the arcades. The view of the Valley of Mexico from Chapultepec has been praised by every traveller, and, speaking for myself, I would say that the Valley of Mexico, whether seen from Chapultepec or the Hill of Tezcozincó, with the two volcanoes, Popocatepetl and Ixtacewatl, to the east with their snow-clad peaks, forms the most unique, and perhaps grandest view in the world.

One word may be said about the churches. Cortes won Mexico, as he believed, for the Cross, and by the Cross; and on the site of the Aztec temple, which in 1520 smoked with human victims, a church arose in 1524. Mexico is a land of churches. At the shrine of Guadalupe, three miles from the city, are alone five churches of various styles of architecture.

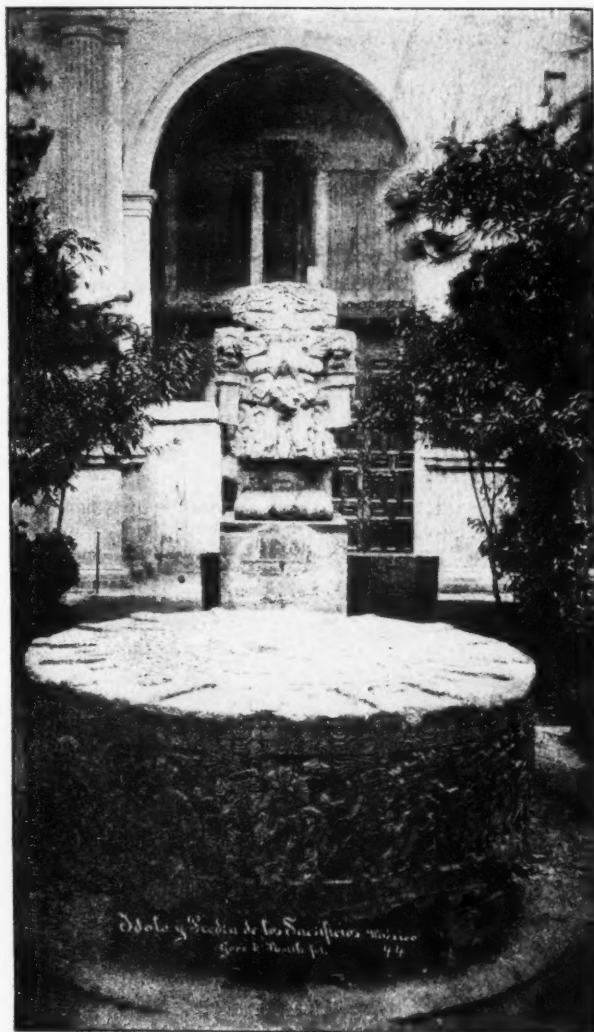
I shall, however, only refer to the architecture of the great cathedral. The church begun on the great square in 1524 saw many changes before reaching its present perfection. Its present foundations were begun in 1573, and mostly completed in 1636, and dedicated in 1667, costing \$1,752,000. Its towers are 203 feet high, and were finished in 1791. Nearly \$2,000,000 of precious stones, gold and silver were given in ornaments. Its style of architecture illustrates Victor Hugo's remarks regarding the history of almost all the great cathe-

drals, and notably that of Notre Dame de Paris. It is stated to be, in the lower part, genuine Doric; the upper rather extravagant Ionic, while the third is Corinthian in style. Bas reliefs and statues are between the columns, which, with vases, capitals and friezes, are of white marble. The towers have open arches, and are crowned with

bell-shaped domes, with hemisphere and cross. The interior is a long Latin cross, and has five naves gradually decreasing in height from the middle to the outer walls. Doric columns support the vaulted roofs with Latin arches. Much of the carving shows the influence of Moorish taste in architecture, and in many details is of great beauty.

The present inhabitants of the United States of Mexico are divided into three groups or classes. Essentially they are an Indian race; but more than three centuries of Spanish intrusion has caused a large admixture of Aryan blood. There are, it is stated, however, still some 4,000,000 of more or less pure-blooded Indians; but the great body of the people are a mixed race, while the pure-blooded Spaniards and foreigners form but a very small proportion, indeed of the inhabitants.

As already remarked, the soldiers of Cortez married, very generally, the daughters of the more prominent Aztec chiefs; and hence it has occurred that, with the early conversion of the people to the Roman Catholic faith, the



SACRIFICIAL STONE AND IDOL.

native race was not, in any marked way, separated from their foreign conquerors. Although it is true that even to-day the blue-blooded Castilian will, with pride, point out to you the high forehead, the aquiline nose and long shaped head, as distinguishing him from the square-browed, thick-nostrilled, and broad-faced citizen of Mexican blood, yet in very many of the now prominent citizens one sees that the Mexican race, as a mixed race, has taken its permanent position. In the purer Indian type, however, the forehead is broad and low, and the eyes dark and sometimes almond-shaped. Reserve, formality, and stolidity are characteristics of the red race in Mexico, as elsewhere; but to me there seemed present in their expression much of the genial effects produced by a mild climate, and much less of that taciturnity seen in most of our northern Indians. Remembering their three centuries of serfdom, the hopeless, subdued look on many faces is not surprising. The mixed races have the yellow, or brunette skin, and the dark eyes and straight hair and much of the expression due to the Indian blood. President Diaz, said to be an almost pure Indian, has a characteristic face.

The Spanish Don is, however, not extinct in Mexico, and a large proportion of the land is still in the hands of scions of ancient Spanish families. Indeed, while visiting the Hacienda of the ancient family of Cervantes, with its marvellous gardens, I noticed the date on the end of the old country-house—1735.

It is now proper that I should mention the Mexican as he is seen to live. Around the cities in Mexico, the great bulk of the people one sees are the poor peons, or laborers. They are generally of mixed blood, in many, however, the Indian predominating. The mixed race, as elsewhere, goes on increasing, till soon there will be no pure-blooded Indians. They are miserably clad in many instances, accord-

ing to our notions; but the climate, it is to be remembered, is mild.

A cotton shirt and pants, with a serape of linen or cotton, and a tall, crowned sombrero of straw, and a piece of sole leather tied on the foot as a sandal, constitute the Mexican's dress. The women similarly wear a sandal, are sometimes barefoot, and, with a cotton skirt and chemise are practically dressed, when you add the *ribosa* or broad scarf for wrapping about the head.

The peculiar fashion of wearing the serape and *ribosa*, one hand protecting the mouth, is very general. As already mentioned, the more intelligent and prosperous dress much the same as with us.

Occasionally the *creole* dandy or dude is seen abroad, with his tall, crowned sombrero of hair-felt, ornamented with filigree, and broad brim similarly decorated. Further, he is dressed in brown-tanned, soft leather jerkin, with tight breeches with a row of silver buckles up the side of the leg, and a silver-buckled, uncomfortable-looking, pointed shoe.

The Spanish mantilla, so characteristic of Spain, and of its high-class ladies, is certainly not commonly worn by Mexican ladies. They dress much as do ladies with us. In fact, the Spaniard is not popular in Mexico.

Of course, it is evident that there are sharp divisions in the society of Mexico; but the opportunities which the visit of the American Public Health Association gave me of seeing good Mexican society led me to form but one opinion of the Mexican. He is hospitable to excess, is very kind, and uniformly polite. Family life is much the same as I have known it in France. Terms of endearment are the common methods of expression; and, with the Latin races, the expression is the reality.

The females of the family are kept much more secluded than with the Anglo-Saxon, but much the same as in France. This is, of course, custom,

but it has partly been due to the disordered state of society. It is becoming yearly less so, with modern ideas pressing in. The reserve does not exist, if one is admitted *en famille*. The common expression is, if invited to a Mexican home, "The house is yours," and it is meant. As regards the table, it seemed, while still Spanish, to be prepared for any English palate.

Almuerzo, our morning meal, was one of fish, meat, eggs, etc.

Our luncheon, *desayuno*, is properly the French *dejeuner*, or eleven o'clock meal, but it was in Mexico at 12.30, and a meal with several courses: a soup, a ragout or stew, a roast, perhaps, with two invariable Mexican dishes, brown beans (*frijoles*) and *pulque*, the national drink,

or, if you prefer it, Toluca beer, or French wines. The invariable mark of a dinner or luncheon being finished is the filling of your glass with water.

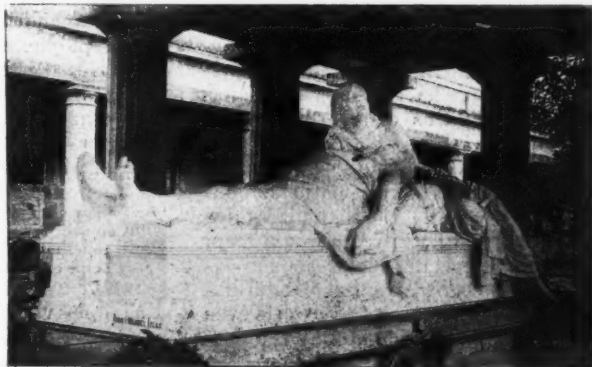
Dinner at six or seven is the meal of the day. Soup, fish, roasts, beans, tortillas, desserts, wines, fruits, cheese, bon-bons—or, in some grand affairs, fifteen to twenty courses—was the rule. This, with bright, dark-eyed señoras and señoritas trying to relieve one's lack of language by an occasional word in French, a rare one in English, and many appreciative smiles at the ludicrous attempts one may *hablar la lengua Española* (to speak Spanish), causes one to feel that, in spite of differences in language, in race, in customs and in creed, humanity is not limited by time, space or circumstances.

I have endeavored to describe some of the essential features of Mexico, as regards its climate, its history, its

buildings and its people.

There are, however, many other points of interest which, according to circumstances or accident, impress themselves upon one.

I have already said Mexico is a land of churches. From 1571 to 1820 the Roman Catholic Church was supported in its influence by the Inquisition, and attained, as in the mother coun-



SEPULCHRE OF JUAREZ.

try of Spain, extraordinary power and influence. In the beginning of this century, Humboldt states there were 14,000 priests and monks in the country, many having enormous incomes, and they were openly immoral. In 1820 came the Revolution, and Mexico became a nation. The bravest leader in it was Hidalgo, a patriotic priest; and after this date was a gradual change. The Church, however, still made and unmade governments; and not till 1857, when President Juarez suppressed religious orders and sequestered church property, did the people really become free. Church and State were separated in 1874. Bible agents temporarily followed the victorious American troops in 1847; but Protestantism has made but little headway. At present there are 10,000 Protestants scattered over Mexico, and, in 1888, some eighty churches, most of them around the City of Mexico. Here and there fanatical priests have excited the

people against the chapels; but the Government suppresses disorder with a strong hand. Unfortunately, from what I can learn, the worst enemy to the progress of Protestantism is the indifference shown by Englishmen and Americans who live there for business. Good people there are; but many are as irreligious as many of the cultivated Catholics. As in all free Catholic countries, the higher classes do little more than observe the form of their religion; and the unfortunate behaviour of some of the individual Protestant clergy in the city of Mexico has strengthened this disregard for religion of every kind.

Political revolutions, too, have been a great hindrance to systematic missionary work; while the hereditary influences of the Latin races would seem to be an important factor in the explanation of how, from the Reformation till to-day, no Latin race has ever been generally influenced by the doctrines of Protestantism, which, in a century, spread generally amongst all the Teutonic races of Europe. As a recent writer has said, "On the soul-organism of the Latin races, the thousand years of monastic tyranny have left traces which the light of science will fail to efface for centuries to come." . . . "The characteristics of a race are less amenable to rapid changes than its intellectual standards." And remembering the Indian characteristics of the native Mexican, his natural stolidity and indolence, and the climate which, though not enervating, is yet one in which exertion for a livelihood is not largely necessary,—it must be confessed that the prospects for a rapid advance in moulding the religious views of the Mexican in the direction of a higher ideal are not on the whole very encouraging. And yet who knows but that the change will come with the national awakening? Under the liberal, wise and noble President Diaz, Mexico has made marvellous strides in material well-being. Many churches

and monasteries have been converted into public schools, and an attempt at compulsory education is made. Trade and commerce have greatly increased; railroads and telegraphs are everywhere opening up the distant parts; and perhaps these great modern highways may be the road-sides along which the apostles of a purer religion will sow the good seed.

I need not deal at length with regard to the political system of Mexico. It is a republic, with a dictator at its head. He, being an ideal Dictator, the system seems peculiarly suited to the present stage of advancement of the country. Let us hope for Mexico the realization of Tennyson's prayer:

"Let knowledge grow from more to more,
But more of reverence in us dwell,
That mind and soul according well
May make one music as before."

I shall, leaving more serious topics, mention something, in concluding, about our pleasant little experience in driving from the old town of Texcoco to Tezcocinco. Meeting my Canadian cicerone and an American friend at six a.m. on the Plaza, we took the street-car, and thence the train, and running out twenty miles, arrived at Texcoco.

We passed down the street of the old town, past a barracks; several companies of soldiers were drawn up in the street, going as we learned, on fatigue duty to some source of water, to do their week's washing. We strolled along past a covered water fountain, made of cut stone, one of the several for supplying the town. To these the aguadores, or water-carriers, come with their bottles strapped on their backs, or, Rebecca-like, carrying them on their heads. We soon arrived at a place where a man kept some mules and vans—a livery in fact. Several of these interesting quadrupeds, looking rather the worse for wear, were wandering about, and our companion asked if we could be accommodated. The proprietor seemed in doubt, but would

consider the matter. In the meantime we were exploiting the court, and found that one señor was engaged in the congenial task of brewing *pulque*. I had been drinking this national beverage at dinner for a week, and naturally was interested in knowing how it was manufactured. We saw in one shed a cow-hide supported upon four posts, and into it was poured the milky juice from the "*maguei*" plant, or *agave*. It was undergoing the mild fermentation necessary to prepare it as a beverage. In another similar skin, covered by an upper skin and straw, to keep in the heat, was another batch. The *pulque* thus prepared, contains a little alcohol after four days' fermentation, and more the older it is. It is placed daily on the table, and one drinks it as we do milk, which it resembles in appearance, if not in taste, and with the common people it takes the place of beer, for the double purpose of quenching thirst and of stimulating their spirits, if they drink enough of it. If the fermentation is prolonged and the product distilled, a strong spirit is produced, said to produce somewhat complicated results. My experience did not go that far.

Well, our landlord of the hostelry was not that morning inclined to push business, so we departed; but we had been watched. A more progressive neighbor asserted he could supply the necessary vehicular commodity, so our *cicerone* arranged terms, and in half an hour, after we had some breakfast of fresh eggs, tortillas and coffee, we mounted the caravan. This was constituted of a driver and attendant, two teams of mules hitched tandem, and a vehicle of prairie schooner or band-wagon type.

Within the town we went slowly over the rough paved streets, but, once outside, our Jehu whipped up, raising clouds of dust.

Unless most country roads, this one was well graded, leading as it did to the manor house of the Cervantes family, for two miles passing through hun-

dreds of acres set out with the *maguey* plant, from which is taken the *pulque* juice. These are simply fields of aloes, set in rows like the trees of any orchard, and growing in the arid soil to a height of eight or ten feet. The young plants springing up from the roots of the older ones, are transplanted, and in four, five, or six years are tapped, the central flower stalk being cut off when a foot thick, and thereafter hollowed out so that a basin holding a gallon or so is formed. Into this the juice flows for several months, and every day or two it is taken out in a scientific fashion. An Indian farm laborer, with a bag of pig-skin slung over his back, goes from plant to plant, and by means of a hollow gourd, holding say half a gallon, quickly transfers the juice to the bag on his shoulders. The method is by sucking the air from the gourd when the juice enters it, and by holding a finger over the top it is kept there till transferred.

Driving onward towards Tezcozincó village, at the foot of the hill, we passed over rocky ground and dry water courses, and finally stopped near the house of the village judge. Our *cicerone* ordered dinner, and we began the hour's ascent to the summit of the hill. This Hacienda or farm estate, on which is the famous hill of Tezcozincó, is one of the largest, oldest, and best cared-for in all Mexico. It is made so largely because of the fact that a large mountain stream flows the year round down the valley to the lake below, and in its passage is utilized at various points for irrigating the soil.

After our descent from the mountain, we had a typical Mexican dinner in the country. Tortillas, boiled chicken, side dishes highly seasoned with pepper, papos and divine *pulque*, in course after course, tamed our appetites, which had been freshened by the mountain climb.

Leaving our host after giving free medical advice regarding his señora, we returned a mile or so to visit the

manor house of the Cervantes. By special permission, through their town agent we gained admission and found ourselves in a veritable paradise of flowers. Though the members of the family, excepting for three months of the year, live in Paris, and some, perhaps, at times in the city of Mexico, a dozen gardeners are continually engaged to keep the grounds in order. The mountain stream already spoken of breaks through a rocky chasm, falling some thirty feet, and is conducted through a rocky aqueduct, where a water wheel is set for pumping water to the Temple of Pulque, the stables, etc.

Under the brow of the steep declivity is situated the ancient square-built manor-house, and above it and about on every side, is a very labyrinth of walks, amidst dense tropical foliage. Beds of choice flowers grow on every side—geraniums, marguerites, fuchsias, mallows—all growing as shrubs; while oval beds, covered with moss to retain the moisture, are arranged with the most exquisite taste. Climbing roses and other vines adapted to rustic bowers, appear at every turn, while overarching all are majestic ash trees, cypress, and cedars. The walks are all made tessellated with parti-colored fragments of stone, regularly inlaid as a floor, and here and there are artistically arranged into monograms of family names; while at every angle and turn of the walk, one sees some ancient stone Toltec image—garnered from ancient ruins—lending, by its grotesqueness, a charm to a sylvan scene where the fabled god, Pan, and his fauns and satyrs may, without imagination, be supposed to gambol “down in the reeds by the river,” as Mrs. Browning has it.

Arching the chasm over the waterfall is a modern bridge of a single span of ornamented ironwork which, being passed, brings one to the chapel of the Cervantes, where their ancestral dead lie buried. Under its marble porticoes are several busts of deceased heroes

of the house, while in most delicate painting is outlined in a niche in the native rock the figure of the Holy Mother of God. Inscriptions here and there recount the deeds of one or more scions of the house who fought for their native Mexico, and to me, a stranger, and amidst all the sweet harmony of this sylvan scene (the most superb in all Mexico—and finer, said my travelled American friend, than he had ever seen in Italy or Spain)—nothing so delicately, yet with such overmastering force, as that chapel, gathered into one moment the whole story of this old Mexico, oldest of all European stories on this continent.

It told of mediæval chivalry; of the refinement of a Latin race from the sunny south; a sub-tropical climate where bounteous nature pours her largesses into the hands of a family proud of their lineage and strong in power of every kind to maintain their home in this sunny land, as glorious as was that of their ancestors in Old Castile; and a creed, which for many hundred years has been so cultivated and made so exquisitely adapted to the human side of life in supplying a consolation, whether to errant knight or to simple sinning peasant, by its promises of the sweet intercession of the Holy Human Mother, that one sometimes wonders whether, after all, the sensuous southern climates may not from their very nature demand a more child-like creed, or if not this, then one, which in keeping with nature's soft luxuriance, cultivates especially those harmonies—cathedral music, the sculptor's art, and the painter's enthusiasm, which even the Apostle of Patmos delighted to picture amongst the glories of the Holy City. I know not if this be so, but one cannot move amongst these Southern people without thinking that the holiest and highest creed is that which embraces in its arms of charity the good of all. Such at any rate is the thought which came to me in the vestibule of the quiet shrine of *Molino de Flores*.

VANCOUVER AND HAWAII.

The Centenary of a Noble Effort.

BY REV. HERBERT H. GOWEN.

ON the 25th of February, 1794, amid the rejoicings of the whole population, the Union Jack of Old England was hoisted to float in the Pacific trade-wind over the Hawaiian Islands. The guns of H.M.S. *Discovery* fired a salute, the islands were taken possession of in the name of King George III., and a great shout went up from the natives, "*Kanaka no Beritane*," — "We are men of Britain."

Such an event, and the steps that led up to it, may well engage our attention to-day, not only on account of its own intrinsic interest, but also on account of the fascinating personality through which it was brought about, and as suggesting a comparison with the present interesting and complicated political situation in the island kingdom of the Pacific.

The career of Captain George Vancouver, who was the man behind the event, so far as it relates to his visits to the Hawaiian Archipelago is a singularly suggestive one, and worthy of being recalled to memory, as much for its own sake as for the influence it exerted upon the subsequent history of the islands.

Indeed, whether we seek our knowledge from the volumes written by the great navigator himself, or whether we derive it from the still living traditions of his visits, which have been handed down amongst the natives, we find Vancouver standing out as a grand type of a British sailor and explorer, only too rare in the 18th century.

For it was the time when, as it was commonly said, "there was no God this side of Cape Horn," a time which would have satisfied Mr. Rudyard Kipling's Tommy Atkins, who sighed for a place

"Where the best is like the worst,
Where there aren't no Ten Commandments,
an' a man may raise a thirst,"

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a time when England's mission of civilization and protection was not too scrupulously borne in mind by the trader and the whaler.

Consequently it is all the more noticeable that while Cook is regarded by the native sentiment as the harbringer of depopulation, disease and death, Vancouver's memory is universally honored. "His memory," says one historian, "is gratefully cherished by the natives, for his mission was one of peace and broad benevolence." "The three visits of Vancouver," says another, "form an era in the history of these islands, and his name is justly cherished as that of a wise and generous benefactor to the Hawaiian people."

The amount of intercourse between Hawaii and all the rest of the world at this time is sometimes misrepresented.

Although Captain Cook was the first European to make known the islands to the outside world, the honor of discovery really belongs to Spain. In 1555, Juan Gaetano, captain of a galleon trading between the American coast and the Spice Islands, came upon the group, and the fact of his visit is corroborated, not only by native tradition, but by a MS. chart in the archives of the Spanish Government. It is also probable, since some of the native *meles* speak of the arrival of other foreigners, and of their intermarriage with the islanders, that other Spanish (or perhaps Japanese) ships touched or were wrecked upon the Hawaiian coast, from time to time. With these exceptions, the outer world was a blank to the islands for six centuries or until the arrival of the English circumnavigator in 1778.

It is not the purpose of this article to deal with Cook, but it is interesting to know that among his officers was

the midshipman, George Vancouver, whose relations with the islands afforded, fifteen years later, such a striking contrast to those established by his superior. In the visit of 1793, Vancouver was approached by Kaeo with the reminder that he had given that chief a lock of his hair when with Cook in 1778, and subsequent conversation showed that the Hawaiian had been mindful of the Englishman's friendship all through those fifteen years. It is a good example of the manner in which Vancouver, from the first, won the hearts of the natives.

Cook, on the contrary, in proportion as the simple-minded people loaded him with their hospitality, became "exacting, dictatorial and greedy," and when at last the veil of divinity was torn away from him, and men knew him as a man, they did not consider it wrong to slay him. "He is not a god! He groans!" they cried, as he sank to the earth under his first wound; and then, without any hesitation, they killed him.

Judge Fornander, the learned historian of the islands, sums up the results of this visit in the following words:

"He came as a god, and in the untutored minds of the natives was worshipped as such; but his death dispelled the illusion; and by those whom he might have so largely benefited he is only remembered for the quantity of iron that for the first time was so abundantly scattered over the country, and for the introduction of a previously unknown and terrible disease."

"The ships," says the late King Kalakaua, "finally sailed northward, . . . leaving behind them a train of evils which a full century of time has failed to eradicate."

From the departure of Cook, the arrival of foreign ships became more and more frequent. The *King George* and the *Queen Charlotte* arrived in 1786; the French explorer, La Perouse, anchored off Lahaina in the same year, and in 1787 arrived Capt. Meares in the *Nootka*, and Capt. Douglas in the

Iphigenia. This visit is important, because it was on the *Nootka* that Kaiana, "the last of the Hawaiian knights,"—a brave chief six and a half feet high, whom we shall meet with again,—took a passage to China, and returned the next year in the *Iphigenia*, bringing with him a large quantity of muskets, powder, and lead, which materially helped to decide the result of the inter-insular wars.

In 1789, the American vessel *Eleanor*, under Capt. Metcalf, with its tender, the *Fair America*, anchored off Maui, and was the cause of a terrible tragedy. Metcalf seems to have been a harsh man, and liberal in his use of the rope's end, and either for this or with that lust for iron which possessed the natives at this time, a plan was formed by a chief, Kaopuiki, to seize the ship's boat and break it up for the sake of the metal fastenings. This was carried out, and a sailor, asleep in the boat, was killed. In retaliation for this outrage, Metcalf, some days after, taking advantage of a large gathering of canoes about the ships, full of unsuspecting natives eager to trade, fired into the fleet and sunk many of the canoes. A hundred natives were killed outright, and hundreds more were wounded or fell a prey to the sharks.

It was not surprising that after this there should be further bloodshed. A few days later the natives succeeded in capturing the tender, and putting all the crew, including Metcalf's son, to death, with the exception of the mate, Isaac Davis, who was spared, from some sudden impulse of compassion. On the same day, the boatswain of the *Eleanor*, John Young, was captured by Kamehameha, and these two captive white men, soon becoming reconciled to their lot and marrying high chiefesses, were destined to become important instruments in the hands of Kamehameha for the conquest of the group, and consolidation of the kingdom. They taught the natives gunnery, handled the cannon for Kamehameha in battle, ad-

vised him in his councils, and the granddaughter of John Young was no less a personage than the lamented Queen Emma, widow of Kamehameha IV.

It is necessary so far to prepare the way for the arrival of Vancouver, in order that the political situation which he found may be understood.

The great Kamehameha, the "Napoleon of the Pacific," was just commencing his victorious career by subduing the rival chiefs on the Island of Hawaii. The chiefs everywhere were feeling the influence of the white man, and it had become quite the fashion for each high chief to have a white man as his adviser, even if kidnapping had to be resorted to to obtain one. The white men thus obtained were not, in general, first-class specimens of their race, being mostly runaway sailors, but they became very serviceable as interpreters and gunners. The people, also, were getting covetous of some of the blessings of civilization, especially of firearms, ammunition, and iron. Iron, since there are no metals in the islands, had been entirely unknown previous to the coming of the white man, though one of the finest legends of the group speaks of an *Iron Knife*, of magic power, supposed to have been brought from Japan. The weapons of the Hawaiian a hundred years ago consisted of a war club, a wooden dagger, a shark's teeth knife, used to cut the throat of the wounded in battle, a flint-edged knife, a stone battle-axe, a wooden javelin, six to eight feet long, and a wooden spear, tipped with bone, sixteen to twenty feet long. Bows and arrows were only used to shoot rats and mice—never in war.

So far, no teachers of religion had come, but the missionaries of vice had been so numerous and so potent that the depopulation, which has been so terrible since, had already set in. Capt. Cook estimated the population at 400,000, and, though this is probably above the mark, there are many reasons for believing it was not a great

way out. Vancouver, on his second visit, was much impressed at the terrible diminution going on through disease, and we, one hundred years later, have to mourn the approaching extinction of the race.

In 1832, the first accurate census was taken, and showed 130,000 natives existing. The last census shows that barely 35,000 remain.

It was in a time of transition, then, that Vancouver, who had been sent by the British Government to receive the cession of the Nootka Sound from the Spanish, and to survey the Northwest coast, arrived off Hawaii. He had under his command the *Discovery* and the armed tender *Chatham*, and they reached the Kona coast of Hawaii on March 2nd, 1792.

Kamehameha was at that time engaged on the other side of the islands, dividing up his father Keoua's dominions among his followers, and laying the train which resulted in his becoming sole sovereign of the eight islands from Niihau to Hawaii.

Kaiana, however, the chief who had sailed to Canton with Captain Meares and returned on the *Iphigenia*, was present, and visited the ships with the request, couched in about all the English he knew, for guns and powder. But Vancouver, wiser than his predecessors, though he distributed to the chiefs large quantities of orange trees, grape vines, and garden seeds, absolutely refused to give them firearms. "The ship," he said, with true insight into the native mind, "belonged to King George, and King George had laid a tabu upon all the arms and ammunition." It was this refusal, more than anything else, which connected itself in the native mind with the first visit of Vancouver. They could not understand his motive, and treated him, in consequence, with some coolness. Kaiana seems to have made good use of Kamehameha's absence to impress Vancouver with his own importance, but as yet there was no actual disloyalty.

The English ships, leaving Hawaii, reached Waikiki in Oahu on March 7th, and there learned for the first time the fears entertained by the island chiefs of the intentions of Kamehameha. The two great Oahu chiefs, Kahekili and Kaeo, were, he learned, in Maui, preparing to resist the threatened invasion from Hawaii.

One is tempted here to desert for awhile the fortunes of Vancouver, as he lies under the shelter of Diamond Head, and the beautiful coral beach of Waikiki fringed with cocoanut trees, in order to watch the deadly game going on in Maui. Nearly twenty years before, the same foes had met in the same place (though in 1775 Kamehameha was only an unknown warrior in the army of Kalaniopuu), and one of the most sanguinary conflicts in Hawaiian history was the result. The flower of Kalaniopuu's army, the famous *Alapa* brigade, 800 strong, each man of noble blood and heroic stature, marched shoulder to shoulder with plumed helmets and feather cloaks gleaming in the sun, to meet Kahekili. Only two of the brigade escaped to tell their tale. Only one prisoner was taken, and he died of his wounds before he could be sacrificed at the temple of the gods. From that day Kamehameha had been meditating a reversal of the scale of battle, and his time was now come.

But we must keep to our subject, and, leaving the hostile clans gathering for battle, follow the keels of Vancouver from Oahu to Waiaimea in Kauai. They stayed here one week, and, during the stay, were visited by the young Prince Kawmualii, the son of Kaeo, attended by thirty men armed with iron daggers, with thirteen muskets tied up in three bundles, and calabashes full of ammunition. It was here that Vancouver was especially struck with the alarming depopulation which had been going on, and also by the insatiable desire of the natives for firearms. It is greatly to his credit that, so far as we know, he is neither to be blamed for contributing to the

former evil, nor pandering to the latter.

Shortly after the *Discovery* and the *Chatham* departed, a deplorable event occurred which had a marked influence upon the future history of the archipelago.

On May 7th, 1792, the *Dædalus*, Vancouver's store-ship, arrived at the islands, and anchored off Waiaimea, Oahu. While lying off this roadstead, a boat's crew was sent ashore, accompanied by Lieut. Hergest and Mr. Gooch, to procure water. Such, however, had become the desire of the natives for iron and weapons to use in their own internecine feuds, that before the watering party could return, an affray took place, in which Lieut. Hergest and Mr. Gooch lost their lives. "It was a tragedy," says Fornander, "which, although entirely unprovoked by the foreigners, has not received a moiety of the sympathy and comments from the civilized world which have shed such a halo over the memory of Cook." The natives freely admit that they were in this case in the wrong, and fully accepted the justice of the punishment subsequently inflicted by Vancouver.

It was on February, 14th, 1793, that the *Discovery* was once more sighted, this time off the coast of Kawaiahae, in Hawaii. Here he landed, not guns, but a bull and cow, the first of the kind which the natives had seen. It is probable from the fact that the Hawaiian word for goat is *Kao* (pronounced *cow*), that they had mistaken the one for the other. The present was designed for Kamehameha, who now appears for the first time before Vancouver. We can imagine with what interest the English sailor would look upon the renowned chieftain, the silent, taciturn man of gigantic mould, with face deeply furrowed, and features rough and irregular, indicative at once of self-reliance, fearless courage, and unchanging tenacity of purpose. Born in 1740, at Kohala, with the howling of the winds and the din of warlike

preparations the first sounds to greet his entrance into the world, stolen the same night from his mother's side, he had begun a rough life early; but fortune was now beginning to smile upon him. The volcano goddess Pele overwhelmed his enemies with fire and smoke; the war-god of Liloa, Kaili, led his conquering host; the magic conch shell, Kihapu, made his clarion voice heard ten miles away; the inspired bard, Keaulumoku, predicted his triumphs; the high priest, Hewahewa, was his mediator with the gods; and the muskets and cannon of the white men were enlisted in his cause.

Well then might he proudly step, in his cloak of yellow oo feathers and his feather helmet, upon the deck of the white king's ship. With him was his favorite wife, Kaahumanu, who for a time played Guinevere to the Lancelot of Kaiana,—the beautiful daughter of Keeaumoku, born with a yellow feather in her hand, married to Kamehameha at seventeen, and destined after his death to command a fleet of canoes in war. Her flirtations with Kaiana made the king very jealous, and though Vancouver's good offices at a later period brought about a reconciliation, yet complete trust between the two warriors never followed, and at last Kaiana revolted and opposed his old comrade in Oahu. He was shot by John Young with a cannon ball, in the famous battle of Nuuanu Pali.

Vancouver also received a state visit from Kamehameha at Kealakekua Bay, the scene of Capt. Cook's murder, when the king came off in his royal robes, attended by all the retinue of Kahili-bearers, spittoon-bearers, and the rest, with four large double canoes. He presented Vancouver with four feather-helmets, ninety swine, and a large quantity of fruit and vegetables. Not to be out-done, the English commander gave in return five cows and three sheep. On the 4th of March, Kamehameha gave a grand entertainment, in the form of a sham-fight between 150 of his warriors. He himself took

part in it, and showed himself dexterous above all the rest in the spear exercise, catching the weapons of his opponents in mid-air, and flinging them back, as was his wont in battle. Vancouver added to the *fête* a grand display of fireworks, and the two separated from one another firm friends.

But Vancouver desired, if possible, to make peace between Kamehameha and the chiefs of the leeward Islands, and so prevent what seemed to be a bloody and devastating war. To this end, after having secured the friendship of the *alii* of Hawaii, he sailed for Maui, arrived at Lahaina, March 7th, and was visited almost immediately by Kahekili and Kamohomoho. With these two he had now two important pieces of business to discuss, the first of which was the punishment of the murderers in the *Dædalus* affair. He soon convinced himself that the chiefs were not concerned in the affray, and Kahekili informed him that three men had already been executed for the crime, while Kamohomoho expressed his willingness to accompany Vancouver to Oahu to secure and punish the others.

The second object he had was to put a stop to the war, and, after discussing terms of peace, the chiefs proposed to send Kaeo with Vancouver to Hawaii, to negotiate a treaty with Kamehameha. There was not, however, time for this, so Vancouver wrote a letter to John Young, who was with Kamehameha, explaining the terms desired, and this was sent off by one of the chiefs. But the message was never delivered, as the chief was attacked, and had to flee for his life. So far as we can gather, Kamehameha never intended to allow himself to accede to terms. He was ready to say "*pela-paha*," "perhaps," to those who approached him, but he was too obstinate to change his own purpose, and too wily to divulge it without necessity.

So for the present Vancouver had to content himself with a present of goats to the chiefs, and an exhibition

of fireworks, and then set sail for Oahu to complete his notice of the *Dædalus* affray.

He arrived at Waikiki on March 20th, and soon a canoe put off to him with three prisoners, and witnesses to certify that these were guilty of the murder. They were shot, but afterwards, on the confession of the witnesses, they turned out to be innocent after all, although guilty of violation of the native tabu. However, the assertions of the witnesses were so emphatic, and their own denial of any knowledge of the whole affair so manifestly untrue, that Vancouver can hardly be blamed for any miscarriage of justice which ensued.

More unfortunate seemed the complete failure of Vancouver's negotiations to secure peace between Kamehameha and the Maui chiefs, but this misfortune was only a seeming one, for it led to the subjugation of the whole group by the Hawaiian King, and the consolidation of the government in a kingdom which has endured for just a century. This was surely better than the impoverishing of the group by continual and destructive inter-island wars.

Vancouver himself must have felt this, for on his way from Oahu to Kauai, he met a great fleet of canoes, which had just been engaged in a revolt in the northern island, and were carrying the news and prisoners to Kao. One of these canoes was 61½ feet long, made of a single pine tree which had drifted from the American coast, and beautifully carved. It contained the leg-bones, with the flesh still adhering, of two chiefs who had been recently killed. Vancouver anchored off Waiamea, and there, in accordance with his usual philanthropic spirit, landed two girls belonging to Niihau, who had been carried off by an English vessel the year before, and whom he had found deserted in America. He took the greatest possible trouble to provide them with suitable protection and lands, and then, having

fulfilled, so far as was possible, the objects of his visit, he sailed away to the North-west coast, thus bringing his second visit to a close.

The third visit took place in the following year. On January 9th, 1794, the English ships arrived off Hilo, where Kamehameha was then residing. Such was the friendship existing between the king and Vancouver, that although the New Year's festival was proceeding, Kamehameha at once broke off the celebration, and took passage with the captain to Kealakekua Bay. Here they stayed six memorable weeks, during which time the English visitors were treated with the most unbounded hospitality, and received as the guests of the nation on the very beach which had drunk the blood of the murdered Cook. Vancouver, on his part, used the time well and wisely, in tutoring the noble savage in the ways of true civilization. He landed cattle and sheep, and was foreseeing enough to have a tabu put on them for ten years, so that they might have time to increase. The *tabu* was still an institution whose violation was death, and it had all the force and utility of a moral law among these children of nature. If places were tabu, it was death to enter them; if food was tabu, as certain fruits and fishes were to women, it was death to eat them; if days were tabu, no one dared stir abroad out of his house, perfect silence was enjoined even for women, the dogs were muzzled, and the fowls placed under calabashes, so that neither barking nor cackling should disturb the sacred stillness. But it would take an article by itself to give a true idea of this wonderful and complicated system of interdict.

During this stay, too, Vancouver's carpenters laid the keel of the first ship built on the Hawaiian Islands. It was begun on Feb. 1st, and was called the *Britannia*, and, although only 36 feet long, became of the greatest possible service to Kamehameha in the future.

Perhaps even more serviceable still was Vancouver's advice to the king with regard to his management of affairs, the discipline of his troops, the administration of justice, and intercourse with foreigners. The English sailor told him, too, of the true God, and the law which ought to take the place of the *tabu*, and said he would ask the King of England to send him a teacher of religion. Whether this affected Kamehameha much or not is hard to say. Probably it did, since Kamehameha, though destined never to hear the voice of a Christian missionary, said on his death-bed that, while he died in the faith of his fathers' gods, he would recommend his successor to study the new religion for himself. Vancouver also succeeded in bringing about a reconciliation between Kamehameha and his erring wife Kaahumanu, with such permanent result that on the king's death in 1819, she was left regent of the kingdom.

It is difficult to crowd into a page all the good that Vancouver effected during this forty days tutelage of a king, but he concluded with a strong recommendation to Kamehameha to be guided by the advice of Davis and Young, the two white men, and an offer to remove from the islands seven other white men whose characters were not likely to do the natives any good. However, as the chiefs objected to this, it was not pressed.

Then came the great event which we mentioned at the outset. On the 21st February, 1794, a great council of chiefs met on board the *Discovery*, and decided to seek the protection of Great Britain, with a reservation that all the

internal affairs of the kingdom should be managed by their own chiefs. This was accepted on all sides, and, four days later, Lieut. Paget hoisted the British flag over Hawaii, and took possession of the Islands in the name of King George. Then it was that the natives cried, "*Kanaka no Beritune.*" It is a cry which many natives would echo now.

How was it then that the cession came to nothing?

Well, Vancouver sailed away to Kauai, and having promised to return to the islands with Christian teachers and artisans, to civilize the people and put them under the protection of Great Britain, he left them, for the last time, on March 13th, 1794, for England.

The cession was never ratified by the Home Government. Vancouver had other work to do for a time, and as he died in 1798, he was unable to carry out his benevolent intentions.

Still the effort is one not to be forgotten, especially by the city of Vancouver which has taken the explorer's name, which has now her steamers running to Honolulu, and which may one day have money to spare for a statue in her streets. It was an effort which reflects undying credit upon the great English sailor who was so tender and true, so firm and so just, that no breath of slander could ever touch his name, and it illustrates once again the fact that England's mission has not been to destroy, but to save, not to devastate with disease and death the fair homes of the weaker races, but to elevate and teach them, and make them free with the freedom Englishmen themselves enjoy.



LENTEN AND EASTER OBSERVANCES.

BY THOS. E. CHAMPION.

FROM the earliest days of the Christian Church, the two seasons of Lent and Easter have always been marked by ceremonies and observances intended to remind her members of, and to vividly bring to their attention the great lessons to be learned from the solemn events then commemorated.

But in addition to religious rites there were others of a secular nature, some of which were grotesque, some simply ridiculous, and some both pleasing and picturesque. I propose in this paper to give an account of some of these old observances, both sacred and profane.

The first day of Lent, Ash Wednesday, is, as nearly every one knows, preceded by Shrove Tuesday, and although this day is not part of the penitential season, yet, as it is its immediate forerunner, I shall probably be pardoned if I say a few words regarding its observance. Shrove is an old Saxon word, which has in course of time become corrupted into Shrove, meaning confession, hence this particular day has in the past been called "Confession Tuesday." A pre-Reformation writer speaks of it as the day "on which all the people in every parish throughout the kingdom are obliged to confess their sins to their own parish priests in their own parish churches; and that this may be done the more regularly, the great bell in every parish is to be rung at ten o'clock or sooner, that it may be heard by all." This custom of ringing the great bell in the parish church at 10 o'clock on the morning of Shrove Tuesday still obtains in some parts of England. It did so until a comparatively recent date in Coventry, that city of the "three tall spires," and very probably does so still, as we know it does in parts of

Hampshire and the western counties of England. In some few of the city churches in London, the practice continued as long as the buildings themselves existed, but as they have all now been pulled down, (the church of St. Andrew, Undershaft, may be an exception), the pancake bell, as it was sometimes called, is now only a memory.

A curious custom prevailed in the towns of Kingston-upon-Thames, Twickenham, Bushey and Teddington, all near London,—that of the boys and young men of these places playing football in the public streets on the afternoon of Shrove Tuesday. In the morning several parties of boys might be observed going from house to house in the different towns, one of each group carrying a football, and soliciting gratuities from the householders. Some small amount of money was generally given at each residence, and the whole sum collected was expended on a supper which took place in the evening, on the conclusion of the afternoon's pastime. It is sad to have to add that, owing to the quantity of liquor imbibed at these suppers, work was furnished for the parish constable, in taking care of some of the merry-makers until they made their appearance before the magistrates assembled in Petty sessions.

This practice was in full force until 1815, Waterloo year, but, after that, gradually fell into desuetude, and finally ceased many years ago. Strange to say, though, it still survives in Bury, Lancashire, though many efforts have been made to obtain its extinction.

Shrove Tuesday was formerly the great holiday of English apprentices. A writer of 1675 speaks of them resorting to "the humble play of trap or

football on a holiday in Finsbury Fields."

The "fields" spoken of exist no longer; on them stand, among hundreds of other buildings, the Moorgate Street station of the Metropolitan Railway Company, also Finsbury Square, noted for the doctors' residences therein situated, and Finsbury Circus, where lawyers "most do congregate."

Before passing on to speak of Ash Wednesday ceremonials and observances, there is one more Shrove Tuesday custom that I must not omit to notice, and which continues now as it has done since the foundation of the famous school. At Westminster school—that nursery of so many of our gallant soldiers who have fought for the "meteor flag of England" in every quarter of the globe—on each Shrove Tuesday, after the mid-day meal, the clerk of the college, that is, the chief butler, appears in the great hall, and stands at the bar separating the upper from the lower school, holding a gigantic frying-pan in which reposes a pancake. Precisely as the clock strikes the hour, he throws the cake aloft, and great is the honor obtained by the boy who succeeds in catching it. Unfortunately, the common result is that the pancake is torn into infinitesimal fragments in the scramble by the boys to obtain possession of it.

Ash Wednesday derives its name from the ancient custom of the Church of blessing ashes and placing them upon the heads of penitents on that day. The priest, standing before the altar, uttered the following invocation: "Vouchsafe to bless and sanctify these ashes, that whosoever shall sprinkle these ashes upon them for the redemption of their sins, they may obtain health of body and protection of soul."

The ashes were then sprinkled with holy water, three times perfumed with incense, and then placed by the priest or priests on the heads of the people in the shape of a cross, as they knelt at the altar rails. This custom is of very great antiquity, being referred to

in the writings of the most ancient Fathers.

After Ash Wednesday, the next day of special observance in Lent is its fourth, or, as it is often called, Mid-Lent Sunday. This is also known in the midland counties of England as "Mothering Sunday," from the fact that, in the pre-Reformation period, families met together at the parish church, sons and daughters who were at service in distant parts of the country all going home, if possible, to worship with their parents on that day. The true meaning of the term, "mothering," as applied to this particular Sunday, has been lost; it now means simply what it expresses—that, upon that Sunday in certain of the English counties, the young people of both sexes go home to see their mothers. As Thanksgiving Day in the New England States is one specially for family gatherings, so "Mothering Sunday" in Worcestershire, Warwickshire, Gloucestershire, and Staffordshire is the same.

The Thursday in the last week of Lent, Holy week, as it is known by the Roman Catholic and Anglican Churches, is marked by many special observances. It is designated by the Roman Catholic Church, Holy Thursday; but, on this continent, though more especially so in England, it is called Maundy Thursday—the name being said to be a corruption of *mandati* (*dies mandati*—day of commandment), in allusion to the commandment which the Saviour gave on this day, after washing the apostles' feet, to love one another. Others suppose that the name is from *mands*, or baskets of gifts, which Christians were in the habit of giving to each other on this day in token of mutual affection. The last conjecture, though, is by no means a likely one: the gift baskets would be far more likely to derive their name from the day, than the day from the baskets.

In commemoration of the Saviour's act, it used to be the custom in Eng-

land, on Maundy Thursday, for the King to wash the feet of as many poor people as corresponded with the years of His Majesty's life. King James II., unhappily it can not be said of blessed memory, was the last English monarch who performed this ceremony. Queen Elizabeth, when in her thirty-ninth year, did the same to thirty-nine poor people, Her Majesty being attended during the ceremony by an equal number of ladies and gentlewomen. The feet were first washed by the yeomen of the laundry with warm water and sweet herbs; afterwards by Her Majesty's sub-almoner; lastly, by the Queen, who, first making the sign of the cross on the insteps of the feet, then kissed them. This ceremony took place at the royal palace at Greenwich.

Cardinal Wolsey also performed a similar office, in 1530, within the walls of Peterborough Abbey, towards fifty-nine poor men, and it is further related that "he gave every one of the said poor men twelve pence in money, three ells of good canvas to make them shirts, a pair of new shoes, a cast of red herrings, and three white herrings, and one of them had two shillings." This custom is still observed in Austria by the Emperor and Empress on Holy Thursday.

In Rome, on the morning of this day, during mass at St. Peter's, takes place what is known as "Blessing the oils." Of these sacred oils there are three kinds. The first is that used in baptism, in the consecration of churches, in the ordaining of priests, and in the crowning and anointing of monarchs. The second is that used for extreme unction, to those who are supposed to be about to depart this life. The third is the Sacred Chrism, and is composed of oil and balm of Gilead, and is used at the consecration of bishops, of patens and chalices, in confirmation, and at the blessing of bells. The act of blessing is performed by the Cardinal arch-priest, or, in his absence, by a bishop specially appoint-

ed. Besides this ceremony, and many other observances peculiar to the day, the Pope washes the feet of thirteen priests, who are all dressed in white, and wear high white caps also. Twelve of these represent the apostles, and the thirteenth typifies an angel, who, according to a legend, appeared to Pope Gregory, who filled the Papal chair from A.D. 590 to 604, whilst he was performing an act of charity to some indigent wayfarers. On the conclusion of this ceremony, a meal is served in a large room over the portico of St. Peter's, to those ecclesiastics who have had their feet washed by the Holy Father, at which meal his Holiness himself waits upon his guests.

There is yet one more Roman ceremony that may be alluded to—that which is known as the "Silencing of the Bells." In the Sistine Chapel, after the *Gloria in Excelsis* is sung on Thursday evening, no bell is allowed to sound until the same canticle is again chanted on Easter eve. So universal is the custom of silencing all bells in Rome during this period, that the sound of those used to summon people to their meals is not even heard. This practice obtains in Montreal and also in Quebec to a very great extent, and the silence of the bells during this period is accounted for by the saying that "they have gone to Rome."

In England, Maundy Thursday is especially marked by Her Majesty, who, through the Lord High Almoner, distributes to as many deserving and necessitous people as there have passed years in the Sovereign's life, what is known as Maundy Money, in silver coin, two-penny, three-penny and four-penny pieces, all especially coined for the occasion. In addition to this, an extra sum is given, in lieu of clothing, to each recipient of the Maundy money.

Good Friday has one very beautiful and impressive service, which takes place in all churches of the Roman communion, and also in many belonging to the Anglican church. We are

not aware that such a service has yet been held in Anglo-Canadian Episcopal churches, though it is by no means uncommon among those of the American Episcopal communion. The service spoken of is that known as "Tenebræ," or "Darkness." During this office a large candlestick is placed in front of the altar, bearing fourteen yellow candles, disposed in the form of a triangle, with one white candle in their centre, but surmounting them. The yellow candles represent the Apostles and women who surrounded the Cross; the tall candle signifies the Saviour.

Matins having been said, a psalm is chanted, and on its conclusion the first of the yellow candles is extinguished, then follows another chant, and a second light is darkened, and so on, until the fourteen have all ceased to burn. This typifies how all those who followed Christ to the Cross in the hour of His supreme agony "forsook Him and fled." The white light, representing Christ, then alone remains. As the *Miserere* is sung, this is carried behind the altar, and therein shrouded, so as to signify the temporary extinction of the light of Christ between His death and His resurrection. A solemn chant, the church in all but total darkness, concludes the service. Few things are more impressive, from a religious point of view, than this service. I have known of many cases of those who, going to Romish and Anglican churches during its continuance for the purpose of scoffing, remained to pray.

Among curious charities in connection with Good Friday, is the distribution in the morning, on a tombstone in St. Bartholomew's Church-yard,

Smithfield, London, of twenty-four sixpences to as many poor widows, who are obliged to take the dole from off the stone which is supposed to mark the tomb of the founder of the charity. The curate of the parish usually officiates as almoner.

Easter Sunday in Romish, Anglican and Greek churches, is a day of great rejoicing, elaborate and imposing ritual, and, generally speaking, of more than usually fine music, in the performance of divine service. Many other denominations also, besides those just named, make Easter the occasion of more than usually ornate services.

There are very few who have attended the services at the Foundling chapel, in London, on Easter Sunday, and have heard the children sing the grand old Easter hymn, "Jesus Christ is risen to-day," that will ever forget it.

On Easter Monday, the boys of the Blue Coat School, Christ's Hospital, used to go in procession to Christ Church, Newgate, where, in the presence of the Lord Mayor and Sheriffs, they listened to the special sermon preached by the chaplain to His Lordship. On Easter Tuesday there was a different programme. They then went to the Mansion House, the official residence of the Lord Mayor, who not only entertained them with cake and wine, but bestowed upon the Grecians, or senior scholars, a guinea, upon the monitors a half crown, and upon all the rest of the boys one shilling.

Alas, that this pretty custom should now be a thing of the past. The Blue school has departed from the City of London, and with it has gone the almost sole relic of mediæval times in the great metropolis.



CANADIAN ART SCHOOLS, ARTISTS AND ART.

BY J. A. RADFORD, O.S.A.

"It takes years to paint a really good picture." "What rubbish! what nonsense!" Yes, we agree with you, a good picture has been painted in a month; but the picture is the outcome of conscientious study, careful manipulation, brilliant conception, and a rigid observance of nature, time, place and color.

A good picture should have drawing, color, atmosphere, perspective, composition, technique, expression, sympathy, vigor, truth in values, and be permeated with consistency in surroundings, and should show the depth of heart and breadth of mind which dominates that typical trait of genius, individuality, without which none are truly great. Masterpieces are the result of that process of successive combinations of successful ideas, whereby nature converts imagination and ideality into organization, and through the painful effort produces a creation.

A great many Canadian artists fail, not because they cannot paint, but rather owing to their attempting too many things at one time. Landscape, marine views, figure, portraiture, still life, street scenes, cattle and pastorals were never painted well by the same man.

Specializing is the keynote of success, and an artist that scatters his genius invariably obtains small gain. The majority of great artists are immortalized through one special branch, and it is to the advantage of the lesser gifted ones, to select that particular branch best adapted to them.

Awards of art are not for prodigies who rent studios and exhibit gilded signs long before they show any capability to draw, leaving painting entirely out of the question. You visit such an atelier, and you are appalled

at the eagerness for personal display and recognition, and the pained expression on their countenances when the great names are mentioned of men who have reached the loftiest pinnacle in the realm of art. Such aspirants imagine they should shine in the zenith of fame the moment they appear, forgetting that they are but the lesser satellites of greater men—the masters.

Students should remember that art is the most fickle of mistresses, and unless they show decided merit or capacity to learn they should stop; for the most studious, with moderate ability, will merely be placed on the list of mediocrity. Positive talent is certainly necessary to make them hold their own. Great artists are born and not made, their works, shining like fixed stars, make them safe points for guidance.

Some men paint from a monetary basis, many to amuse themselves, thinking it a jolly pastime instead of a sacred profession requiring a life of study, bitter disappointments and innumerable failures. Others deem it a means of obtaining a livelihood that suits a lazy temperament the best. The true artist paints because he loves God, nature and humanity the more, and not for the drivelling pittance doled out to him by the opulent who give, as for a charity, for works that they hoard as treasures when the artist is dead, but do not even then appreciate to their full value.

When pictures are sold by auction, or through the medium of private collections, after an artist's death, it is quite doubtful whether they are genuine—or even good copies. The only sure guarantee of a work is the purchase direct from the artist in his

studio. In reply to a remark that Corot must have been a very rapid painter, the late Paul Peel said, "There are more Corots in New York city than that artist ever painted." So, collectors and connoisseurs should purchase works from the artists themselves, thereby preventing the possibility of imposition.

The artists Kreighoff, Allan Edson, and Vogt are dead. These men gave to the world typical Canadian scenery, were particularly prolific and sold their works at very moderate prices. Yet, strange to say, it is now almost impossible to secure any of their works even at exorbitant amounts. This proves beyond the shadow of a doubt that works of art bought at the artist's own figures are good investments, even when the monetary standpoint only is taken into consideration.

Genuine notes and honest impressions direct from nature have decidedly more weight with the critics, and drawing power with the uninitiated, than all the phantasmagoria ever painted from memory by the most brilliant and versatile master! Why? Because nature's truths are the acme of originality, ever varying and unlimited, and the artist who vainly endeavors to cover these over with a thin veneer of drawing and technique, presumes too far, and shows but the underground of ignorance?

When woodland scenes are painted, they should be surrounded with the native color which belongs to every clime and country, and be infused with the unmistakable flavor of truth. Then the observer would immediately experience a mental transportation, and traverse the leaf-covered ground, redolent with the sweet fragrance of gummy cones and the delicate aroma from pine needles, where the wind so gently blows that he listens for the whisperings of the tree tops, sees the richness of the foliage, and feels the freshness of the breeze.

A coast scene in storm should express the ocean's majesty and strength,

with mighty waves dashing against a rock-bound shore, sending spray into the air, that sings the grandest elegy and chants a divine dirge over the graves of the millions that have passed away and are forgot.

Or the opposite—a long stretch of sandy beach; the tide out; a boat in the distance; the coast rocks covered with flowers of the sea; the limpet gatherers, with their wicker baskets on their shoulders, brawny arms, loose hair, bare feet, and robust figures—gives even calm an indication of strength.

* * * * *

The artist dips his brush in Nature's wells,
And on the everlasting canvas tells
Poems of glory—

A world of dreams and imageries divine,
Each contour grace, and grandeur every line,—
An oft-told story.

These gems are dreamed away from man's cruel
stare,
And painted in a garret, chill and bare;
That's where one finds,
Half starved—because the critics of the day
Care naught for them until they've passed
away—
The master minds.

The man who studies the works of Nature, "with God Himself holds converse, and grows familiar day by day with His conceptions." "States fall, arts fade; but Nature does not die," and the works of the artist who approaches Nature the nearest, in all her phases of sunshine and storm, will live the longest. Many of the spasmodic eruptions of wantonness displayed on canvas suggest a want of feeling and refinement, or they are the product of diseased brains, and were intended for a time less intellectual and moral than ours. The artists who fall so low as to produce such pictures, lay aside their morality and propriety as easily as a snake sheds its skin.

Good pictures are an important source of refinement. No home can be said to be completely or judiciously furnished without them. The manners, calibre and style of a man are shown in his garden, house, pictures,

books, papers, decorations and furniture. So it is necessary that artists should create nothing that is not absolutely true, wholesome and clean. For if art is to be an educational factor, it must be carried out purely with a religious regard for the great laws of Nature, which never lies.

The artist who attempts to paint truthfully, and is fortunate enough to succeed in doing so, will at once attract notice, and enthral the admiration of the cultured and ignorant, for all phases of humanity revel in their love of truth, which is as essential to art as harmony is to music, or rhythm to poetry.

The greatest fault with many Canadian artists who have been fortunate enough (?) to travel abroad to study is that, on their return, they advertise themselves as pupils of some world-famed master. As if that would make any difference in their ability to paint!

Others have lost all the individuality they ever had, by painfully endeavoring to amalgamate schools and masters they have studied, or those whose pictures pleased them, into one harmonious and concrete whole. Such attempts can not succeed. Artists should paint as they themselves see Nature, and ignore the foolish idea that it is at all possible to ultimately reach the goal of perfection by even the most careful and subtle observations through foreign spectacles.

Artists have a grand duty to perform. They may be a fulcrum in modelling the country's patriotism, sentiment and taste. It is true that historians have described, in the minutest detail, the dress and customs of past ages; but it was left wholly to the artists of each of these ages to portray the correct pose of the figures, the folds of the drapery, the variety of costume, head dress, salutation, and the beautiful combinations of color in the textiles and decorations. In these the artist was the greatest chronicler of the time; for it is only

through the medium of ocular demonstration that positive impressions are indelibly fixed upon the mind.

Art in Canada is not appreciated to the extent that her art demands? Why? It receives but meagre encouragement from the Government, and the majority of artists consequently obtain but a sorry recompense for the results of their labor. If the Government were to subsidize art as France does, Canada would be the art centre of America, as France is of Europe.

Where in the world are there handsomer women, bluer skies, richer sunsets, wider prairies, larger waterways, more fertile landscapes, more luxuriant foliage, more gorgeous autumns, or more magnificent mountain scenery than in Canada; and this was shown in the Canadian art exhibit at the World's Fair, where Canada received more prizes in proportion to the number of pictures exhibited than any other nation, and proved to the world that art in Canada was neither foreign, unborn or dead.

One of the great hindrances to the perfection of art in this country is that our artists live too much to themselves. They would surely gain by visiting each other's studios and there discussing the various impressions received from Nature.

In Canada, in common with the rest of the world, it is not so much a matter of locality or even ability, that causes one artist to be more prominent than his confreres, but social connections and the possession of the happy faculty of embracing the correct opportunity of having his most successful and important canvases hung in the right place, or at least where they are most liable to be seen and appreciated.

Many artists note the chance, but are destitute of this faculty. The artists who gain recognition in this way prostitute their genius by accepting inadequate compensation for their work.

Artists who are indefatigable in

their labor do not always achieve success; it is left to those who steer clear of the cruel breakers of criticism, and of the hypocrisy of would-be connoisseurs.

Is Canada too young, too poor, or are her people too insufficiently educated in art to discern between the good and the bad? The public have been frequently gulled into purchasing pictures said to be the work of foreign artists, when they are the work of local men—men whom they would rather let starve, than buy their pictures directly from them at one-tenth the money. Collectors have forced many of our best artists to foreign fields. Notable among these exiles are J. A. Fraser, Henry Sandham, J. J. Shannon, J. C. Forbes, James Weston, F. C. V. Ede, F. A. Verner and Charles Alexander.

Canada has two good art organizations—The Ontario Society of Artists,—the parent society, and the Canadian Royal Academy (founded by Her Royal Highness the Princess Louise), the child which sapped the life out of the mother society. The membership of the Ontario Society of Artists is larger than that of the Royal Academy. The younger and smaller society receives Government aid of \$2,000, while the older and larger society receives a paltry \$500. Yet the former has no permanent gallery, and holds but one exhibition annually; while the latter has at least four exhibitions during the year, and has a gallery open to the public. Most of the members of the Royal Academy are members of the Society of Artists, and if a debatable point arises between these societies, and there is the least possible friction, it is the younger and greater society that invariably gives way to the other. It would seem that some associate members of the mother society give way with the idea that it is well to grease the wheels of the vehicle that may some day carry them into full fellowship in the Academy.

Our statistics on Art Schools are

unfortunately very unreliable. In the annual reports of Ontario's Minister of Education (Hon. G. W. Ross), Toronto is referred to as paying one hundred dollars a year for rent when in reality it pays four hundred.

Brockville and St. Thomas school rents are \$100 and \$90 respectively, and \$330 and \$654.90 for salaries, and they obtain the same grant as Toronto and Hamilton, where the rent is \$400, and where respectively the salary bill is \$826.62 and \$1,636. The gas and lighting accounts of the last two schools together make \$207.98, while the schools at St. Thomas and Brockville added, make only \$56.

The number of teachers and pupils in several of the schools is so incorrectly reported that it is impossible to quote with any accuracy as to fact.

The Toronto school has a greater number of pupils than Ottawa, and appears to pay considerably less for tuition.

It has frequently been said, "Teach methods of design instead of art, in a young country like Canada." In reply to this it may be stated that these methods are taught in seven schools in Ontario, and in nine schools in the Province of Quebec. The Government statistics in regard to provinces will be found in the list appended.

Quebec has nearly a million and a half of souls, and grants its art schools ten thousand dollars. The Province of Ontario has 652,786 more inhabitants than the sister province, and grants art schools the meagre sum of \$2,000, and this province is under a liberal (?) régime.

The Toronto school is in affiliation with the Ontario Society of Artists, and is particularly well managed, being under a directorate and advisory board who give special inducements to art patrons who, by subscribing the sum of £2, become honorary members and have the privilege of sending one scholar to the school for a year. Those whose subscription is less, are merely entitled to be enrolled as members,

without these school privileges. The Toronto school was a dismal failure when under the control of the Government, so much so that the Government decided on handing it over to the Ontario Society of Artists. It is now a success, with a retinue of able and efficient masters.

These schools teach drawing, perspective, design, architecture, modelling, geometry, painting in oil and water color, and three of them are so far advanced, that they sketch from models.

Some of the best American magazine illustrations are by Canadians. The originality of these illustrations has been pointed out by that able art critic, Ernest Chesneau. These men have never been abroad, and know not the studios of Paris or their methods. These men are to be congratulated on their good fortune in preserving the individuality that is entirely their own.

The art students' paradise to-day is La Belle France, because public and private galleries, libraries, churches, and the dazzling palaces of the nobility, are ever open to them. France's eminent men of letters and eminent artists vie with each other in assisting all who seek information at their hands. What a shame that Canada fails in this honorable and manly hospitality!

All civilized nations recognize the necessity of art education, because the commercial value of many manufactured articles is based upon their artistic merit. So it is a matter of vital importance that the best method of educating the people in art should be followed. If artistic wares are not found at home, purchasers will not fail to seek for them elsewhere. When Canada produces these wares up to the standard of her competitors, in finish, form and workmanship, her manufactures will be placed on an equal footing in the markets of the world with those of other nations.

That she will be able to sustain that position with characteristic persistence and dignity, there is no doubt. At present, unfortunately, the imports of artistic ware are increasing, and they will continue to do so until the art applied in the designing and manufacture of them equals that of foreign countries. "From all standpoints, ethical and economic art education is a vital need."

ART SCHOOLS OF ONTARIO.

City.	Pupils.	Rent.	Salaries.	Lighting
Hamilton	(a) 190	\$ 400.00	\$1,636.00	\$118.10
St. Thomas	(b) 128	90 00	654.90	37 60
Brockville	120	100.00	330.00	18.40
Kingston	116 (c)	150.00	750.00	
London	114	175.00	348.60	31.00
Toronto	(d) 105 (e)	100.00	826.62	89.88
Ottawa	102	174.19	930.00	47.30

(a) Hamilton has few artists who have studios large enough for students.

(b) Doubtful attendance.

(c) This includes Heating and Lighting.

(d) This can be accounted for from the fact that many artists have open studios for pupils, thereby reducing the attendance at the school.

(e) The rent should be \$400.00 instead of \$100.00.

ART SCHOOLS OF QUEBEC.

Schools.	Teachers.	Attendance.
Montreal	14	(a) 339
Quebec	7	178
Levis	4	239
New Liverpool	2	89
Sorel	1	37
St. Hyacinthe	1	54
Huntingdon	2	71
Granby	2	45
Iberville	1	13
	34	1,065

RECAPITULATION.

Number of Schools in operation	9
Number of Pupils	1,065
Number of Teachers	34
Government Grant	\$10,000

(a) This includes students who are taught tailoring, plumbing and shoemaking, and when these are deducted from true art students, the number of students in the Province of Quebec will be about the same as that of Ontario.

The author is indebted for the Ontario Statistics, to Hon. G. W. Ross's annual report and for those of Quebec to S. C. Stevenson, B.A., Secretary of The Councils of Arts and Manufactures for that Province.

THE DEATH PENALTY.

BY JOHN FERGUSON, M.A., M.D., PH.D.

Few questions have attracted more attention than this one: "Whether or not a man should be put to death for wilful murder." Volumes have been written upon capital punishment; endless sermons have been preached about it; lecturers have time and again engaged the attention of audiences with very varied views regarding it; and commentators have puzzled themselves for ages over the scriptural passages bearing upon the question. It might seem as if everything must have been said that could be said. In the face, however, of all this, I shall make the attempt to re-state the case, and perhaps throw some new light upon it,—at least to some.

In dealing with this subject I shall take it up under the following headings:—1. The Bible Authority; 2. The deterring influence of the death penalty; 3. The objections to the death penalty; 4. The teachings of experience; 5. The duties of the State.

1. *The Bible Authority.*—On this portion of the discussion the public is divided into two distinct camps; the orthodox, and those who reject the authority of Scripture altogether. With the latter there is no difficulty, as they do not look to the Bible for any guidance upon the affairs of life. But with the former the case is wholly different. They look to the Scriptures for light upon the duties they owe to each other and to the State. Of those who take the Bible as the revealed will of God to man, some hold that capital punishment for murder is obligatory, others regard it, not as obligatory, but as permitted, while others regard it as entirely repealed. Commentators are not agreed upon the true meaning of some of the passages in which the death penalty is mentioned. This camp is also divided, as stated above,

into three factions, each of which contains eminent scholars.

Before the flood no law, nor enactment of any kind existed. No general directions were given; the punishment to be accorded the murderer had not been announced. When Cain slew Abel, the case was handled by God Himself. It is clearly seen from Cain's language that he was quite conscious of having done a great wrong, and one that would justify others in falling upon him and putting him to death. Cain had, in other words, betaken himself to a life of violence, and expected violence in return. But God did not slay Cain. On the other hand, He put a mark upon him that rendered him, in this one respect, safer than his fellow men. Cain was banished, but was protected by the stern threat of sevenfold punishment upon anyone who should slay him. In the case of Lamech (Gen. iv. 23, 24), again, it is clear that capital punishment was foregone. Lamech goes further, and claims even greater protection than Cain. He says that "if Cain shall be avenged sevenfold, truly Lamech seventy and seven fold." It does not follow that because Cain was not put to death, he was not punished. The short narrative clearly shows that he suffered severely for his wicked act.

Passing on to Gen. ix. 5, 6, the commencement of the real battle ground is reached. The flood had subsided; and Noah had performed his sacrifice and received a blessing. The fourth verse of this chapter is the subject of much dispute, and certainly is not yet settled. Some hold that it forbids cutting portions of meat from the living animal and eating it, as is the custom in some eastern places. On the other hand, some hold that it is a command for-

bidding the use of blood—this is an emblem of life and must be regarded as sacred. If the first view be correct, it simply forbids cruelty. If the second be true, it is a direction as to the taking of food. Delitsch holds the former view; Lange the latter.

When we come to verse 5, great difficulties at once come before us. Commentators have differed very widely on this passage. Some regard it as paving the way to the next verse. "At the hand of every beast" is more fully brought out in Ex. xxi. 28, and is to this extent predicative. "At the hand of every man's brother" is much disputed. Knobel thinks that "brother" here means the murderer, making him in a special sense the brother of the murdered man, to show how deserving he is of punishment; but many others do not take this view of it, but hold that the word brother applies to the near-of-kin to the murdered man, who was to act as the avenger.

On the sixth verse, opinions differ very widely. Some very able Hebrew scholars regard the passage, "Whoso sheddeth man's blood, by man shall his blood be shed," as an absolute command from God for all time to come, and of universal application. But against this we have the views of other able Hebrew scholars who contend that it is not a command, but a future indicative, and simply declares that if a man betakes himself to a life of violence he may expect a violent end to overtake him in turn. Here then, again, on a most vital point we do not find agreement.

Jacob lived under the guidance of this command, or prediction, as given to Noah, and before the laws had been given by Moses. If the phrase in Gen. ix. 5, "at the hand of man," be a command, and universal in its application, it would govern Jacob as one who had the care of his fellow man in his keeping, as under this verse it would be obligatory upon him to punish with death any murderer he might know of. Now in Gen. xlix. 5, 6, 7, we learn

that Jacob knew that his two sons, Simeon and Levi, had committed a cruel murder. He did not, however, regard himself as coming under Gen. ix. 5. He did not place himself in the position of the avenger, as laid down in the statement, "the blood of your lives will I require at the hand of man." No, Jacob curses the anger of Simeon and Levi, but permits them to live. Levi became the head of the Order of Priesthood; and in this way was specially honored. Simeon was lost in the tribe of Judah, the best of the lot, and also in this way became honored.

In the case of Moses, who slew the Egyptian, there was no attempt made by the Hebrews to slay Moses, although the King of Egypt sought to do so. Moses escaped, and became the great leader of the Hebrews at a later period.

David, who lived under both the Noachic and Mosaic dispensations, committed an offensive murder in the way he brought about the death of Uriah. No one, however, took vengeance upon him; his blood was not shed by man. If "whoso sheddeth man's blood, by man shall his blood be shed" be a universal and perpetual command, does it not seem strange that David escaped, as had previously Simeon and Levi and Moses.

If the view of some commentators be correct,—that "brother" is to be regarded as the murderer, then David would be the special person at whose hands the blood of Uriah must be required. This is the view of no less a scholar than Knobel. Nor did Nathan, the prophet, who accused David of his crime, act as the avenger.

Turner, in his criticisms, states that "It is not certain that the law is positive and peremptory. Like some others, afterwards introduced into the Hebrew code, it may be merely permissive, to be followed according to the discretion of the judiciary, as Jewish commentators affirm to have been the case with the law of retaliation. (Ex. xxi. 24, 25, Lev. xxiv. 19, 20).

But if it be a positive command, its universal obligation by no means follows." Hooker, in the Oxford edition, remarks (3rd book, sec. 10): "Laws, though ordained by God, and the end for which they were ordained continuing, may, notwithstanding, cease, if, by alteration of persons or times, they be found insufficient to attain unto that end. In which respect, why may we not presume that God doth even call for such change, or alteration, as the very condition of things themselves doth make necessary."

It is impossible to give more time to this portion of the argument, but, before leaving it, I would call special attention to Matt. v. 21, 22 and 38th to end of chapter. The result arrived at is that there is no consensus of opinion among Bible scholars that the death penalty is obligatory. Many hold that it is only permissive; while others go further, and consider that, in the light of the New Testament, it has been wholly repealed, notwithstanding Rom. xiii. 4, where the sword is used, according to some, as an emblem of magisterial authority, but not for the purpose of inflicting capital punishment. One thing is quite clear, however, namely, that the Mosaic code is not so comprehensive as the Noachian law, or prediction; while the New Testament code is far in advance of the laws in the Mosaic. John Peter Lange, in speaking of the way God dealt with Cain, remarks: "In Cain this principle was first realized, in that, by the curse of God, he was excommunicated, and driven, in self-banishment, to the land of Nod. This is a proof, that in the Christian humanitarian developments, the principle may be realized in another form than through the literal, corporeal shedding of blood."

Finally, in 2 Sam., xii., 9, we read, "Thou hast killed Uriah, the Hittite," and in verse 13 of the same chapter, "The Lord hath put away the sin; thou shalt not die." This shows that the death penalty was not in-

tended to be absolutely obligatory. If the sentence can be remitted in one case, then it can in two, and so on to all. We have seen an example in the case of Jacob's sons, where man did not impose the death penalty; and we have an example in David's case, where the Lord remitted it. What clearer proof could be asked for from the Bible than the above facts, which show that capital punishment was not to be regarded as obligatory?

2. *The deterring influence of the death penalty.*—Having disposed of the biblical side of the case as fully as space will permit, but by no means as fully as could be desired, it is now my intention to pass on to the remaining portions of the argument. Does the fear of death deter people from committing murder? I purpose showing that it does not.

(a) There are a certain number of murders that are committed out of hatred, from jealousy, for money, or to do away with some one who may hold some important information. These murders are calculated out before they are committed. The murderer knows the law, but sets it at defiance. Indeed he makes all his arrangements with a view to his escape. If he thought he would be caught, and get even a few years in prison, he would withhold his hand. Capital punishment has no restraining influence upon this class. It is true that opinions could be cited both ways, but the great facts of experience give the answer, in the most unmistakable words, that in countries and states where there is no death penalty, wilful murders are not more frequent per population than in countries where this form of punishment is still in use.

(b) Then, again, there are those who kill some one in a quarrel. At the moment when the blow is struck, all fear of punishment is far from the person's mind. Many kindly persons have thus slain a fellow-man. Under the excitement of the moment, however, or under the influence of drink,

the deed is done. The fact that he may be tried and hanged does not act as a deterrent, because this probability is not in his mind at the moment when he does the deed.

(c) But there is the class of homicides who are insane. The most careful statistics go to show that about 40 to 50 per cent. of all murders are committed by persons who are mentally defective in some way. Many belong to the class that have been so often called morally insane. Some have peculiarly false notions, have delusions or hallucinations, that impel them to do the awful deed. They act under these delusions, under full belief that they are doing a noble act, that they are obeying the command of the Almighty, or that they are doing a real kindness to the person whose life is taken away. No fear of capital punishment is in their minds. To this class the death penalty has no terror. Here it is that the Noachian and the Mosaic laws make no provision. If these passages in Genesis, Exodus, Leviticus, Numbers, etc., are universal and obligatory commands, so that the murderers must be put to death, no provision is made for the insane murderer. In the early period of Jewish history, there were no asylums, and possibly all that could be done with an insane person who exhibited murderous tendencies, was to put him to death. Here comes in the wisdom of what is said by Hooker—that "when the persons and the times change, God may require us to make needed changes in the laws." One thing is certain, however, the fear of death does not restrain the insane man with a murderous impulse. Prendergast, who shot Mayor Harrison, is a good example of this. He immediately gave himself up. Some have been known to commit murder in order to be hanged, as they wished to die, and yet did not like to commit suicide. To inflict capital punishment upon such wretches is like hanging the insane, instead of sending them to an asylum. They have no responsibility

for their acts, nor have they any fear of punishment.

(d) Then comes a class of cases, where one man kills another in self-defence. This is quite justifiable. The fear of punishment does not deter this man; indeed it would be a misfortune if it did.

Rev. Mr. Roberts, of Bristol, England, states that of 167 consoling him before their execution, 161 had seen executions. Away then with the myth that capital punishment deters! Both science and experience prove that it does not.

3. *The objections to the death penalty.*—It has been clearly shown that the fear of capital punishment does not prevent murder. It, therefore, fails from this standpoint, as one of the ways of dealing with the criminal. If the maintenance of this form of punishment does not do any good in a preventive way, is it likely to be injurious in other directions? This can be answered in the affirmative.

(a) One of the strongest objections to the death penalty is the one that innocent persons may be made to suffer. Under the conditions in which murders are likely to be committed, the evidence will generally be circumstantial. Direct evidence is rare in murder cases. Even in cases where persons have been seen actually killing another, frequently the plea of accidental murder is successfully resorted to, whereas all the weight of circumstances went to show that there was intent under the guise of accident. But, further, in circumstantial evidence, one or two persons, to save themselves, or some companion, may swear away the life of another person. The fear that the innocent may be made to suffer is no mere fancy. Experience has taught that the guiltless have been led to the scaffold on many an occasion. The list of those who have been hanged wrongfully is now of sufficient length to make most thinking people call a pause in the work of hanging. Can any one

not call up before his mind the spectacle of a young man who has been tried by the State, on whom the death sentence has been pronounced, on whom the executioner did his fatal work, who has been buried in the jail yard, and who all the while was quite innocent? Yet such is just what has happened, and what is bound to happen again and again. Monsieur Lucas has shown that in one year eight innocent persons were condemned to death.

Drs. Jacobi, Wey and Sherman, who were the Committee of the Medical Society of the State of New York, in 1892, make use of the following language:—"This Medical Society of the State of New York, expresses its opposition to the perpetuation of capital punishment, and its hope that means will be found to protect the community by less uncertain and less inhumane methods." The report also states, "In many cases the innocent and the anatomically sick have been subjected to capital punishment. On the other hand, dubious cases developed full-grown dementia soon after the criminal proceedings." "The knowledge of such facts influences juries, and the guilty may escape to be a danger to society."

(b) Another great objection to capital punishment is that the guilty often escape. The crime for which the man is under trial being murder, the punishment is death, if there be a verdict of guilty. There may be much evidence to show that the man is guilty to such an extent as to thoroughly merit some degree of punishment; but the evidence may fall very far short of justifying the jury in finding a verdict of guilty. Experience here is of great value. In countries and states where there is no death penalty, the percentage of those who receive punishment is much higher than where the death penalty is still retained. This shows that the severity of the punishment often defeats the ends of justice. True, the jury can make a recommendation to mercy; but this

does not meet the case fully, and many jurymen shrink from taking part in a death sentence unless they are satisfied that the case is a clear one. Were imprisonment substituted for capital punishment, this would no longer hold good. How often has it happened within the memory of most of us that a person on trial for murder gets off scot free, when, in the minds of nearly every one, there is good ground for the infliction of some punishment. Some may say to this that a man is either innocent or guilty. If the former, he should be acquitted; if the latter, he should be hanged. But there are persons who are guilty to a certain extent, and yet not to that extent that would enable a jury to find a verdict for wilful murder. The records of the courts furnish abundance of material upon this point. As society is now constituted, it may safely be said that the retention of capital punishment is a potent factor in defeating the ends of justice. Public thought is gradually swinging round to this belief.

(c) Another objection to capital punishment is the effect it has upon the public. It has been argued that the awful spectacle of witnessing the execution of a murderer deters others from committing murder. The fact is often the very reverse of this. Men have been known to go away from witnessing an execution, and forthwith commit a murder. The undue importance that is thrown around the execution of a scoundrel often raises him to a certain degree of notoriety, and makes a sort of hero of him. This is just what some types of criminals would glory in, and commit a murder to secure. Such has been the teaching of the past, especially in Denmark, that some have sought the notoriety of public execution. The effect of executions is not good for the public. There is an overwhelmingly large percentage of the community which does not require the infliction of capital punishment to restrain them from

murder. On the other hand, there are some on whom the death penalty has no influence whatever. They are criminals by nature and education. To witness an execution would only tend to evoke into activity their passions. It is quite useless to expect that executions can be made private. With the press, on the one hand, eager to furnish news to the public—and in this they may often be of service in preventing abuses—and the public, on the other hand, eager to obtain news, there is very little likelihood of much privacy in the matter of hangings. The sudden shock of an execution is greater on the public than the quiet sentence of life imprisonment; and yet almost all penologists will at once admit that the latter is a much severer punishment. Sir Robert Rawlinson says: "It is a far severer fate than sudden death, but it is not so revolting." This is the voice that we hear from the greatest students of criminology.

(d) Another strong objection to the custom of capital punishment is the hiring of some person, for a trifle, to perform the act. The voice of experience comes in again to show that the effect is bad. The executioner is a detested man. Who wants to associate with him? Who wants to engage him in his service? Who will trust him as the rest of the community is trusted? The tribulations of the hangman are not a few. The greatest of them all is that he comes to regard himself as an outcast from all that is refined or good in society. Why is the hangman so much despised? Just because the public generally regard the act he has performed as little better than that of the wretch he legally puts to death. A man that will hang another for five dollars is dangerously near the frame of mind that would induce him to kill a man for five dollars, if he had a proper chance. Lafayette said: "I shall persist in the demand for the abolition of the punishment of death until I have the infallibility of

human judgment demonstrated to me."

4. *The Teachings of Experience.*—The statement is made by those who advocate capital punishment, that, if it were abolished, there would be an increase in the number of murders. The foundation for this opinion lies in the belief that this form of punishment has a deterrent influence on the individual. But I think this has been fully set aside already, as it has been shown that the death penalty does not exert the influence that has been so generally assigned to it. The number of murders may decrease, but this is the result of altogether other causes than the fear of capital punishment. The moral and social advance in a country; the improved position of the people as to food and comforts; the commitment of desperate characters to reformatories; the early detection and proper care of the insane,—all tend to lessen the number of murders. It is quite true that Garofalo, the distinguished Italian criminologist, thinks that this form of punishment has a restraining influence. On the other hand, Dr. Jacobi, at the meeting of the National Prison Association of the United States, said, in 1892:—"Let us have done with killing. If only one mistake were made in a hundred convictions and death sentences, society could not afford to make that mistake." It is no argument to say that the death penalty is to be found in the codes of so many nations. This sort of argument could, at one time, have been used in support of slavery. But just look at things as they have actually been in places where the trial has been made. It was abolished in Michigan in 1847; in Rhode Island in 1852; in Wisconsin in 1853. In Michigan, statistics show that, since 1847, relatively to the population, murders have decreased 57 per cent. Governor Washburn, of Wisconsin, said:—"No state can show a greater freedom from homicidal crime. With a population representing almost every nationality, statistics show that crime has actually

decreased." The Chief Justice of Rhode Island said:—"My observations fully justify me in saying that convictions for murder are far more certain now, than when death was the punishment." In Iowa the law stands that the jury can determine whether it shall be hanging or imprisonment; but in this state murders have decreased from one in 800,000 to one in 1,200,000 of the population. This discretionary power is given to juries in Indiana, Illinois and Minnesota, and yet the condition in these states is not worse than in the states which have retained capital punishment.

"Capital punishment has been partially discontinued in Prussia, Austria, Sweden and Norway, and with the most beneficial results," says General Curtis. John Bright said that "all that might be gained by hanging a man, in the way of striking fear into others, was far more than lost by the loss of reverence for human life." There have been no executions in Belgium since 1863, and the number of murders has greatly decreased. In Switzerland only two or three cantons have capital punishment. Its abolition has given good results. In Britain the tendency is strongly in the direction of abolition; and there are not now nearly as many executions to the same number of convictions as there were some years ago. Yet things are not growing worse in Britain. Rev. W. D. Morrison, who has studied the subject of crime thoroughly in Britain, says that "if the present drift of feeling continues for another generation or two, it is not at all improbable, in spite of temporary reactions, that the question of capital punishment will have solved itself." But why prove the contention any further?

It is a fact well borne out by experience, that life imprisonment properly carried on is a severer penalty than hanging, and has a more deterring influence on criminals as a class. But to be effective, it must be thorough. An imprisonment that merely

retains the convict in custody, only does half its work. It only protects society for the time being, but does not fit the person to resume his liberty again. No sentence on a murderer should be for a definite period. The period ought to be left for the expert authorities to determine, according to the degree in which the criminal gives evidence of fitness for citizenship.

5. *The Duties of the State.*—The State is the sum total of the will of the people; and as such has no feelings one way or the other in this matter. The duty of the State is to do justly in all things pertaining to the weal of every citizen. Viewed from this standpoint, the State has some important functions to fulfil.

(a) One of the first problems the State has to solve is to allot to each offender a punishment suitable to the crime and the nature of the criminal. This latter aspect of the case must never be lost sight of. The recidivist must be treated in a very different manner from the person who for the first time commits some petty offence. The punishment should be adjusted to the person rather than the crime. This introduces a new, but thoroughly scientific basis into the discussion. An insane mother kills three children. The true punishment in this is concealment in an asylum, with kind treatment. Another person has been committed time after time for petty theft. His crime is not great; but the fact that as soon as he is liberated he steals again, proves that he is a thief by nature, a recidivist. For this man, there is no recourse but long if not perpetual imprisonment. One man may kill another during temporary insanity, and afterwards be a good citizen; while another may be an instinctive murderer. The notion that the punishment should be fitted to the crime is a fallacy that has too long dominated over criminal jurisprudence. Lord Chief Justice Coleridge once said that "it is an iniquity to give a severe punishment for a theft that

was petty, even though it had been preceded by many thefts and convictions." What nonsense! This is the result of pure theory on the treatment of criminals. Carried into actual practice, it has led to the most disastrous consequences. This is dealing with the offence without regard to the offender. The duty of the State, and of every one having criminals under their charge, is to deal with the offender, and not the crime. Among the hardest criminals to reform are vagrants and habitual drunkards. On the other hand, among the most easily reformed are persons who have committed a serious crime under conditions that might never recur. Clearly then, the duty of the State is to fit the punishment to suit each case, and the basis for this adjustment must be the offender—not the offence.

(b) The next duty of the State must be the protection of life and property. Imprisonment meets these requirements amply in the case of the insane. In the management of this class, wise counsels have prevailed. The poor demented, or maniac, is no longer tortured to bring back his reason, nor burned as a witch. So, in dealing with criminals, imprisonment has to suffice in the great majority of cases. For the forger and the burglar, this plan of treatment protects both life and property. In the case of murder, where the murderer is not hanged, the same is true. He is sent into confinement. There is no need to argue this matter. The most dangerous persons to-day in concealment are those in asylums and prisons who could not be indicted of any crime that would justify the death penalty, and yet they are ever ready to take the life of an attendant. They are abnormal. They are criminal by instinct. They cannot be granted liberty; they cannot be put to death; they must be constantly watched. When concealment meets the public requirements with this class, it would meet them with any class.

(c) It is a plain duty of the State to keep up a high standard of the sacredness of human life. Some very able commentators hold that capital punishment was ordained for this very reason. In the revelation to Noah no distinction whatever is made. The sweeping statement is made that "Whoso sheddeth man's blood, by man shall his blood be shed." But at this time there were no prisons nor asylums. In the Mosaic Code, we see that the death penalty was not quite so sweeping. Cities of refuge were established. A distinction was drawn between killing by intent, and killing without lying in wait. In Ex. xxi. 20, 21 we see that every case of killing was not to be visited by death in turn. For my own part I agree with Hooker, and the late John Bright, that the little we gain by the execution of the murderer, we more than lose by the effect it has upon the public mind. First of all, a man is murdered; then we put the murderer to death, and to do this we must hire some one to do the work, and he in turn becomes a despised member of society. Much more could be said upon this point, but space will not permit of it.

(d) Then comes the greatest duty of the State; namely, to reform the fallen. Is this accomplished by the death penalty? Let the records speak. How many persons that are hanged by the neck until they are dead have made any show of real remorse! Of eighty-eight executions recorded by Dr. Corrie, very few showed any degree of repentance. Out of 400 Bruce Thompson had known, three expressed regret before their execution. I have already given the experience of Rev. Mr. Roberts, that 161 out of 167 had witnessed executions. And so on, the statistics could be piled up to show that the infliction of the death penalty does not reform the criminal. How could it be expected to do so? The most thorough study of this class has shown that a very large percentage are either insane

or of abnormal mental type. With such persons, time is requisite to raise their whole social status. The few days between sentence passed and sentence executed is not likely to do this; and certainly will not in the low and depraved. If the great problem is to lead men to repentance, I fear hanging will yield poor results. "Judge not" is alike the verdict of Christianity and science. Before a true bill can be found in any given case, it is necessary to know the exact condition of every criminal as to his mental development, his past moral training and his ancestry. This requires time, and can not be accomplished in the hurry of an ordinary trial. Better far make mistakes of leniency than go on hanging wrongly. "On the whole, we may be well satisfied that capital punishment—'the shameful practice' as it has been epigrammatically styled, 'of hiring for a guinea an assassin to accomplish a sentence that the judge would not have courage to carry out himself'—is threatened with extinction in civilized countries."

So far as I am concerned, and can gather from careful study, I come to the following conclusions:—

1. That capital punishment is permissive so far as the Bible is concerned, but is not solemnly ordained therein, as held by Barth.

2. That the death penalty, judged both by science and practice, does not deter others from taking life.

3. That it is a method of dealing with the guilty that is highly objectionable.

4. That it can be safely abolished is abundantly proven by the records of countries and states that have abolished it.

5. That it is not the proper course to be pursued by the State, whose object ought to be the protection of life and property, and the reformation of the criminal, even the most degraded. Every punishment ought to be an expiatory discipline, and, as capital punishment is now conducted, it is not.

6. That "imprisonment must be a genuine punishment," or it will not act as a deterrent.



THE BROKEN GHORD.

BY A. H. MORRISON.

I.

EVENING.

"WHERE'S TOM?" inquired Mr. Brown, senior, looking up from his paper. "I haven't seen him this evening."

"I think he's in the tool house, John," responded his wife.

"Humph!" snorted her lesser-half, plunging again into the financial columns, "I suppose he's at that old violin again."

Mr. John Brown, senior partner in the firm of Brown & Co., was a short, stout man, with gray, ferret-like eyes, rubicund visage, and sandy hair, slightly shining on top, and seamed here and there with silver. He was a practical man, a grocer, with a snug little sum in the funds, and a praiseworthy ambition to add perennially thereto.

Mrs. Brown, his wife, was a meek little woman, with great, tender, brown eyes, and soft brown hair, likewise streaked here and there with silver. She was a good housewife, but not of as practical a turn as her husband, and, as long as the family were comfortable and above want, cared little whether the funds aforementioned were perennially added to or not.

Tom, their eldest born, was a bright, good-looking young fellow of two-and-twenty, just home from college. Physically, he was of the same fair type as his father, only taller, slimmer, and handsomer. Intellectually and aesthetically, he was his very converse, his mental antipodes, with a strong distaste for the shop, a lofty disregard for accumulated "bawbees," and a love for music and the violin, which promised to become the ruling passion of his life.

There was yet another member of the family, at present engaged, with eyes demurely cast down, in working a pair of worsted slippers for her bro-

ther Tom. Jessie, the only daughter, a slight, sweet, pink-and-white rosebud of nineteen, with eyes and hair like her mother's, a quiet though cheerful disposition, and a belief in and reverence for Tom, that amounted to a cult, a sort of tacit fetish worship.

It appeared strange to some interested people, who are always wondering at the peculiarities of other people, having none of their own, that the eldest hope of the house of Brown had not been named John after his father, and there were all sorts of romantic and tragic stories current as to the reason. The simple truth was, however, that Tom's father had an aversion to his own monosyllabic Christian name. It was the only thing, he declared, about the Brown's, except Tom's unhappy penchant for fiddling, and callousness to the acquisition of filthy lucre, that he did not like.

"I think it's time that boy began to think of something else besides fiddling," remarked *pater familias* presently, again lowering his paper, and permitting his ruddy visage to shine over it in the direction of his wife. "What's the use of a college training, if he's going to waste it among shavings and cat-gut! I believe you encourage him in his idleness, Maria."

"I? Why John?"

"Yes, yes. I know what you are going to say. I've heard it a hundred times before; youth and talent and inclinations and all that sort of thing. But youth and talent and inclinations 'll never make money and a position. They never did anything for me."

"Why, John," expostulated his wife again, with a quiet smile. "Tis something unusual to hear you run yourself down so."

"Eh! What do you mean? I run myself down! I never did such a thing in my life."

"You said, just now, you never had talent or inclinations."

"Pshaw! You know what I mean well enough." And, once more, the sandy poll of the senior partner in the firm of Brown & Co., bobbed down behind the price of stocks and rise in sugars.

Meanwhile the subject of these remarks was busy in chiselling away at a sounding board in the little tool-house back of the kitchen. It had long been the ambition of Tom's young life to construct a violin of his own, and with the assistance of a friend who had had some practice in musical instrument making, backed by great mechanical ability and indubitable perseverance on his own part, he had at length succeeded in almost completing an instrument which had been pronounced by more than one connoisseur a marvel of constructive skill for an amateur who had had no practice in violin-making, and it was the pride of all the family, except the obstinate, practically-minded head of the house.

Tom whistled away softly to himself as he worked, handling the tools tenderly, as though they had been sentient things and his friends, stopping every now and then to inspect his accomplished work, fitting, measuring, calculating, and all the time deeply immersed in thought.

There are some natures that can think concurrently along dual or treble lines. Such a nature was Tom's. He whistled and planed and chiselled, and thought of many things in combination. As in his own loved music, so with his meditations. There was first the simple air, the melody of thought-life, his present work. Then there were the young aspirations of the near future, when, his present work accomplished, he should go to a first-rate master, and take real, set lessons, for hitherto he had been a mere trifter, self-taught, depending almost entirely upon his ear and fine instincts for direction. And, there was that other theme of all young, brave, generous

souls, the chord of love pulsing through the life-melody and permeating it, albeit in his case, with a strange and subdued strain of pathos, unsatisfied desire, and not altogether too confident hope.

He paused, looking down at his work sadly, and ceased whistling.

There was a gentle tap at the door, and lifting the latch, Jessie stepped into the tool-house.

"Ah! Jessie. Is it you?" said her brother, at once resuming his occupation. "See here! I have almost finished the violin. One little piece more and I shall be done."

"It is beautiful," said Jessie, stepping up to his side. "I am so proud of it, and of you, dear."

He stooped and kissed her on the forehead.

"Barbara wasn't in to-night, was she?" he presently enquired.

There was an assumption of indifference in his question, that a certain little tremor of voice belied.

His sister noticed it and replied quickly: "No, but she may be here yet. It's early, only 8 o'clock."

Barbara Fisher, a near neighbor and bosom friend of Jessie, Jessie's other self and idol after her mother and Tom, was in the habit of dropping in every Tuesday and Friday evening to chat with the old people, to enjoy a confidential half-hour with Jessie, and to tease Tom, at least, so he thought and maintained.

She was a tall, regal-looking brunette, with the step of an empress, eyes like stars at midnight, and as noble and good as she was beautiful.

So everybody said with whom she came in contact. In spite of her stately beauty and queenly gait, she was modest, gentle, and unassuming, and as sympathetically kind as charity herself.

So everybody said and doubtless thought. All except Mr. Tom Brown. He, poor fellow, said nothing, but thought a good deal, and the more he thought the more he became perplexed,

and the more he became perplexed the more hopelessly did he become entangled in the snare of Miss Barbara Fisher's regal charms.

It was the chord of pathos in his harmony of life, the strange, subdued plaint that was so eloquent of unsatisfied desire and not altogether too confident hope.

For, kind as she was to others, Barbara was not always kind to him. He knew she was beautiful and good and sweet as any damask rose with the bloom of early summer on its radiant cheek—but kind!

Why did she tease him so and make mock of his advances, sometimes ardent, sometimes bashful, but always loyal and sincere? Why did she laugh at him with her eyes, when her lips were discoursing all manner of grave matter-of-fact things? Why, when her eyes were declaring as plainly as possible, "faint heart never won fair lady," and flushing all sorts of challenges and encouragements, did her lips turn traitor to her glances, and, denying their supremacy, utter contradictory badinage of light disloyalties and coquettish treasons? And, why would she persist in calling him a boy, and make sport of that most august, undeniable sign of robustious and aggressive manhood, his downy and cherished moustache?

Ah! Tom.

There are more things in heaven and earth than are dreamed of in Love's philosophy.

Go on with thy life-harmony, thy violin, thy prospective music-lore, and thy present love-pathos. The first to-day, is thy comfort, and the last, the one detracting element in thy dream of a perfect joy; yet, who can see the end?

The unexpected is what happens in life.

Work on and wait, Tom. By-and-by the end will be shaped by that Divinity that shapes all things, rough hew them how we will.

"I shall go and see if Barbara is come," said Jessie.

"Wait a minute," said the young man with a sigh. "I shall put my work away and come, too. I feel strangely tired to-night."

II.

MORNING.

It was late summer, and the damask roses were showering their crimson petals on the garden walk just outside the door of the little tool-house in which Tom was in the habit of working.

Barbara had not paid her customary visit, after all, that Tuesday evening, nor had she been at the house since, and now it was Friday.

The work on the violin had, moreover, been interrupted. Tom had himself been away from home, and had returned late only the night before. But this morning he was about to resume his occupation, to be completed, as he thought with a feeling of elation, before noon.

It was a lovely morning. Far away across the meadows, the blue mist was yet lagging above the rippling current of the stream, that wound by banks of alder and willow, past broad lily-padded stretches to the lake beyond. As he gazed, Tom could almost see the silver, sinuous band, with the gray trout leaping up from its bosom and falling back with a little flop and eddy into the cool, pellucid flood. Nearer, the early rooks cawed in the elm tops, that, cowed in vapour, stood like Trappist monks at penance, silent and contemplative, by their meadow shrines, while, nearer still, against the wall, the roses clustered, laden with dew, and every now and then, as the breeze toyed among their branches, showering to earth a storm of moist and fragrant petals, like rubied rain from clouds of emerald verdure.

As the young man stood in the doorway, lost in the contemplation of the beautiful prospect, and inhaling great draughts of fresh morning air, a light step approached from behind, and his

sister Jessie entered the tool-house.

"Good morning, Tom," she said. "Why you are up early."

"Yes, I wish to have a long forenoon's work. The violin is to be finished to-day, you know."

"How proud you will be when it is done. There'll be no doing anything with you."

"No. I think I shall apply off-hand for the position of first violin in some grand orchestra. Unfortunately, it is one thing to make a violin, and quite another thing to be able to play upon it well."

"I suppose you'll take lessons at once," said Jessie, plucking the thorns off a rose-bud and inserting it in the bosom of her dress.

"Yes. I wish father were not so averse to music and literature and all that. He looks upon them as mere idle luxuries, and those who love or practise them as very drones and Bohemians, useless *dilettantes* or worse. However, I shall manage to pay for the lessons out of my allowance."

"You will learn rapidly, I am sure."

"It has been the dream of my life to be a musician. One of my dreams, I mean. I love music, and I think the violin the queen of instruments. Yes, I think I shall learn rapidly. I have a good ear, a light touch, and can even now manipulate the bow tolerably well for a beginner who is entirely self-taught."

"You said *one* of your dreams," interposed the young girl. "Have you then another?"

"You know I have," returned he, gazing earnestly at her.

"Oh! that! Of course. I did not think you meant that. Dear, dear Tom, I hope you may be as successful in one as in the other."

She put her arms caressingly round him and fondled him as a mother fondles her infant.

"It is the only chord in my life that jars upon me," said he, looking tenderly down into the sweet eyes that were uplifted to his. "All else is exquisite

harmony; but that, that is a discord, a chord out of tune. Who knows, a broken chord, perhaps!"

"No, no. Not that," said she, putting her fingers over his mouth. "She is as true as steel, and—only wait. I know she likes you, respects you, and admires your talent."

"Why then, does she mock me?" broke in the young man impetuously, "and laugh at me?"

"Barbara is too good hearted, too well-bred, really to laugh at any one."

"Yes, openly and outright to one's face. But her eyes laugh and make light of me. They laugh even when her lips are set and grave."

"Tom, you are a very foolish boy. Have you ever asked her whether—whether—"

"No, never in set words. But I have hinted and hinted, but whenever I thought the opportunity had come and tried to tell her—then—"

"Yes. What then?"

"Her eyes prevented me. They said to me as plainly as words, 'Don't make a fool of yourself, Tom Brown. I am too fresh and young and beautiful for you, you poor, plodding, grocer's son.'"

"Nonsense, Tom. You do her a gross injustice. It is all your own fault. You should just hear her speak of you."

"It is one thing to speak to one's sister and another to one's self," said Tom, doggedly, while something like a frown settled upon his brow.

"Never mind, dear Tom; faint heart never won fair lady. I do not know what her deepest feelings are for you. It is the only secret between us. I know she likes you and thinks a great deal of you, but she never drops a hint of anything farther. I rally her sometimes upon her admirers, but she is a strange girl in some ways, and will brook no conversation on such a topic. She invariably drops it, or turns it, and, you know, even with those she loves, she has a way—"

"A way that plainly says, 'Thus far

shalt thou go and no farther," completed the young man, with a bitter laugh. "Oh! Yes. I know it well."

"Don't call it a broken chord, Tom, dear," said the sweet voice, appealingly, "because it hurts me. You are too young to have broken chords in your life yet. Only wait patiently and persevere, and it will, perhaps, turn out like the violin, one day to be completed. Fancy the trouble and labor and failures you have had, and, to-day, it is all but finished."

"And if one mistress turns out a disappointment, why, there is another to make amends." He lifted the violin caressingly, and placing it in position, made as if he would have played upon it.

"There are many disappointments in life, Tom," said his sister, "and the brave man is he who meets them and lives them down. Who knows—our bitterest disappointments, like angels in disguise, may turn out to be our greatest blessings!"

III.

NOON.

"What has happened, Tom? Why are you so white?"

"Hush! Where's mother?" Tom, who stood in the doorway of the little room with his hat on, looked furtively round the apartment, and then beckened his sister into the hall.

"Jessie, I have met with an accident. I shall have to go to the doctor at once. Don't say anything to mother till I come back."

"O, Tom! What is it?" The sweet lips were quivering, and the great brown eyes were filled with tears.

"This chisel slipped just as I was putting the finishing touches to the bridge, and I have cut my hand severely, the left hand. I have bound it as well as I could, but I must have medical aid at once. There, don't cry, dear. 'Tis nothing."

The girl had obtained possession of the wounded hand, swaddled in linen,

through which the blood was slowly oozing, and was patting and caressing it with both moans and tears, and terms of endearment.

"Run, Tom. Run, Tom, dear! Don't delay an instant. Oh! Do be quick. I'll say nothing to mother."

She opened the door and pushed him gently out, and stood looking after him, wringing her hands, as he strode away down the side-walk.

It was not far to the doctor's—not the family doctor—he lived several blocks away—but a stranger, who had lately settled in the same street. He was, fortunately, at home, a fresh, fair, good-looking young fellow, not unlike Tom himself, with an eye and manner that inspired confidence, and bespoke both nerve and skill.

"An ugly cut," said he, examining the wound, from which the bandages had been removed. "How did you do it?"

"With a chisel. I was finishing a violin. The wood turned in my hand, the chisel slipped, and this is the result."

"Humph!" ejaculated the doctor, looking up into the face of his patient. "Do you play the violin?"

"Only a little, by ear; but I intend to study music."

"This is your left hand," said the doctor, bending low over the wounded member. "I fear the leaders are cut, at least of the little and second fingers, and I shall have to sew them."

"The—leaders?" faltered Tom.

The doctor answered nothing, but busied himself with his task, which was, ere long, deftly and skilfully accomplished.

"Are you very fond of music—of the violin?" inquired the doctor at the conclusion of the operation, as Tom sat in his chair, pale, silent and thoughtful.

"Very—passionately fond of it," he replied.

"And you have made this violin yourself?" pursued the other.

"Entirely myself and I hoped to

play my first tune upon it to-night, or to-morrow, but now —. It will be some time now, I suppose, before I shall be able to use my left hand?"

Again the young doctor was silent. He moved to the desk, which occupied one side of the little surgery, and stood for a moment fidgeting with some loose papers thereon.

Presently he turned.

"Would it be a great disappointment if you should never learn to play upon the violin?" he asked, with a strange shade of pathos in his voice, Tom thought.

"Why, what do you mean?" replied Tom, looking up curiously into the face of his interlocutor.

The young doctor was now standing full in front of him, looking down thoughtfully at him, with an expression of pathetic sympathy in his eyes that was not lost upon Tom. Laying his hand kindly on his patient's shoulder, he asked:

"Can you bear to put up with a great disappointment?"

"I—I—hope so," faltered poor Tom. "I have had disappointments before, and have outlived them," and, like a flash, his thoughts went back to the regal form and dancing eye of his divinity.

"Because," continued the doctor, slowly and kindly, "you may never be able to play upon the violin now. The leaders are cut, you see, and your little finger, at any rate, will always be stiff. You will not be able to manage the fingering."

There was utter silence in the little surgery for a space. Only the ticking of the clock, through the half-open door leading into the next room, could be heard, but it was strangely loud and distinct.

Tick, tick, tick,—the dewy morning-tide of life and hope,—it said. Tick, tick, tick—an hour has flown, the sun is high, and love is born, and hope goes forth with high ambition. Tick, tick, tick,—how golden is the glint of the sunshine on the work of life begun!

Tick, tick, tick,—the first disappointment. Tick, tick, tick,—not gold but silver now, where the shadows lengthen. Tick, tick, tick,—love has gone home, for it is colder, grayer, bleaker than before, and hope is old, and ambition wasted. Tick, tick, tick,—the dusk, the dark, the outer void!

With something like a groan of anguish, Tom rose from his chair to go.

"Don't fret about it. Don't take it too much to heart," said the good-natured young doctor, as he accompanied Tom to the door. "It might have been much worse than it is, even if it should turn out as I fear. Well, my dear fellow, there is other music in life besides that of the violin."

Other music in life, other music in life, other music in life—He walked to the refrain, marching to it as it were, in the direction of home, where, in the doorway, stood Jessie, pale as Tom himself, expectant, eagerly watching.

"My darling Tom. Is it all right? Have you had it tended? What does the doctor say?"

He stood for a moment in the slanting sunlight, looking down into her beautiful eyes, even now dimmed with tears, that, spite of her, would have their way, and welled slowly up and out.

He stooped and gravely kissed them, her eyes and lips, and then straightened himself again, and looked up to the blue sky and the sunlight.

"What does the doctor say?" he repeated. "He says, dear, that there is other music in life, other music in life, and we must find it."

She knew what he meant. With a woman's quick instinct, she had already divined the danger, the possible outcome of that cruel slip.

She drew him into the hall, and putting her arms about him, laid her head on his shoulder and cried there quietly for a while. Then she dried her tears, and taking his uninjured hand in hers, led him toward the sitting-room.

"Come, dear," she said. "We will

not fret any more. There is, indeed, other music in life, and, together, we will find it."

IV.

DUSK.

The roses clustered outside, and showered their crimson petals downward. The soft, slumbrous veil of the gloaming was beginning to droop above the river bend, where the alders and willows stood by the broad lily-pads that had flaunted in the sunshine, and the gray trout had leapt and shimmered in the morning light; the sable rooks were slowly winging their homeward way towards the mist-cowled elms that did their Trappist penance at the shrines of the daisy-broidered meadows; and, against the wall, the roses sent up their silent evening orisons to the hush, the purple, and the gloaming, as in the morning they had offered their ruby chalices of dew at the altars of the virgin dawn.

The door leading from the kitchen into the little tool-house opened gently and noiselessly, and a female figure, clad in soft, gray, clinging drapery, glided into the shadow of the room, a figure tall and regal, yet with the supple grace of a woodland nymph. She stood for a moment by the threshold, as if listening, and then looked cautiously round.

Ah! yes. It was there.

Swiftly and silently in the uncertain light, that momentarily became more obscured, she glided to the bench upon which, untouched since the accident of the morning, had lain the violin.

No one had been near it. It would have broken Tom's heart to behold the idol tumbled from its throne, and as for Jessie—well, she was her brother's counterpart, his echo. It was rarely that anyone else ever came near the tool-house.

The gray figure stood with arms full-length before her, and hands clasped in front, silently regarding the violin.

Was it the embodied wraith of the instrument gazing at its own inert, forsaken shell? Was it the ghost of the music that now could never well from forth its vibrating strings to the touch of the maker, grieving over its untimely fate? Or was it the spirit of the broken chord of that maker's life-harmony, that stood, surrounded by the dusk and the rose-glamour, contemplating the unfinished cenotaph of that maker's high, ambitious hopes?

There was a sound, as of a stifled sob, strangely human, strangely woman-like, and the gray figure stooped and laid her white taper fingers tenderly on the neglected instrument, and there followed a subdued murmur of words:

"Poor boy! Poor dear fellow! What, oh! what has happened? How shall he be comforted!"

The gray dusk deepened round the gray form by the bench, while in the corners of the room the shadows loomed blackly.

Again there was a sound as of some one at the door.

The figure by the bench started and turned, and her eyes fell on another gray figure that filled the entrance, tall, erect like herself, yet indistinct in the gloaming, but with one arm, the left arm, supported by a sling.

"Jessie, is that you? What are you doing here alone in the dark?"

He had entered the room, and was approaching the bench.

"I didn't think anybody had been here before, to day," he continued, "I myself could not bear it before, in the light and the sunshine, but I thought perhaps —"

He ended abruptly, for he had approached the figure closely now, and it was not Jessie.

"Miss—Miss—Fisher," he stammered, "I—I—beg your pardon. I did not know—"

He stopped in evident confusion.

She had taken a step forward.

"I am Miss Fisher to my associates in the sunshine; to my friends in

sorrow, I am simply Barbara," she said, gently.

What was there in her voice, her presence, that he had not recognized before? Why was she there at all, and now?

The roses outside flung in a sweet burst of fragrance, and as it played about the young man's brow, it seemed fraught with a message, the message he had heard outside before, that day, "there is other music in life, other music in life."

"Jessie told me of your accident, and your—your—" she could not go on.

Again came in the sweet breath of the roses.

"Oh! I am so sorry," she said, "so very sorry. I have no words to tell you how sorry I am."

What *was* that in her voice?

The music of life was being played as of yore. It was full and strong in the young man's ears—strong and as palpable to the outward sense as the perfume of the roses in the air, as the magic of the stately presence before him; but where was now the discord? That one hope of a life had become this day reduced to a minor key, and now another hope, another melody, was intermingling with the music, and making itself felt through and above the variations that wove themselves in

billows of sound-feeling about his listening senses.

And there was no broken chord, but perfect harmony!

"Miss Fisher, Barbara," he began; "I would not live to-day over again for wealth untold. I think I have verily passed through the valley of the shadow, but this moment makes amends."

She had come nearer to him, and he could dimly see her eyes in the dusk lifted towards his, but in their depths, the old-time laughter had died away, and in its place was a pathos and a pity that emboldened him to go on.

"O Barbara! I have lost one love. It never can be mine now." There was a world of feeling in his voice, pathos unutterable in the dejected droop of his head. He felt a hot tear fall upon his hand. "I have lost one love. You, of all women on earth, can tell me whether I am to lose or hold another."

She had come entirely to him and was nestling by his side.

Outside, the roses showered their fragrant petals downward, the dusk deepened into the night, the cowed elms watched in the meadows by the river brink where the lilies slept; but, inside, the unfinished violin lay upon the bench before the two gray figures—its mission accomplished, its music gone out into all the spheres.



THE FIRST ROBIN.

There came a long, dull stretch of sombre days,
With murk, dank fields, and evenings sullen, dark,
When not a shiv'ring bird had heart to sing,
But crouched in silence on the maples stark.

Then morning broke, and all the pent-up flood
Of sunlight poured its sweetness on the earth ;
While clear and sweet across the meadow came
The fervid note of the first robin's mirth.

Across the humid fields, through opal air,
With reminiscent thrill of memoried springs,
Came reckless sound of the first robin's song,
All wild with promises he sunward flings ;

Forsaking e'en the softer Southern skies
Before the snow has left the Northern land,
He comes again, to warble the wild news
That sun, and song and spring are close at hand.

He sways upon a leafless maple spray,
And sings across the flowerless, empty fields ;
Yet hope and promise prompt delirious songs,
And flowers, he knows, the steaming snow-bank shields.

In hearts that feel the dim mysterious power
That brings each swelling bud to summer leaf,
Thy singing strikes a warm, responsive thought,
That glammers the cold shade of winter's grief.

Oh, could I catch the secret of thy hope,
Small bird that carols in the tree-top bare !
Had I the heart to feel the March's murk
So pregnant of a June-day's summer glare !

In warm, pale twilight of a summer morn,
Not sweeter will you carol, nor more gay,
Though million bird-throats, throbbing in the air,
Trill myriad-noted music all the day.

And yet, flute-throated bird, a note forlorn,—
A memory of passion sways thy song ;
So full of hope, yet mateless and alone,—
No answer call, remote and faint and long.

Sing back the Spring, O Robin, wild and blithe,
And tremulous with old memorial tone
Thy songs bring back lost Springs, that long ago,
Into the past, like Autumn birds, have flown.

—ARTHUR J. STRINGER.

A TALE OF GERMANY.

BY H. CAMERON NELLES WILSON.

It had been a hot, sultry day, and the quiet streets of the little German town had slumbered, as usual. They always slumbered, those quiet Prussian streets, except on market day, and once a year when the Fair was held, and every man, woman and child turned out in gala costume, while the pavements resounded with the clatter of wooden sabots. A few swallows flitted here and there with white breasts flashing, as at times they were upturned to be kissed by the scorching sun. The creaking pump in the courtyard had scarcely stopped its discordant screechings since early morning, for each thirsty wayfarer had paused to quench his thirst and moisten his heated brow.

The windows of one house, quainter and with more gables than the rest, were open, and the curtains rustled languidly, as they were fanned by the hot, pulsating breeze. Within sat Herr von Reichenberg, the violinist, and while his neighbors dozed, or lazily chatted over and criticised the merits of their foaming beer, which they sipped contentedly from heavy pewter mugs, he played fragments of those grand airs which had made his name famous. One moment his bow echoed a soft, dreamy chant, carrying one in fancy to some vast, dim cathedral, with its ever-burning candles, its swinging censers, and its perfumed incense wafted heavenwards—the next, it filled the room with a thousand trembling notes, as if from numberless liquid-throated songsters, only to die away like the rippling of some meadow-threading brook.

The golden lights of the afternoon had long since given way to the welcome coolness of evening, and still Herr von Reichenberg played on. Beneath his

window stood a number of ragged urchins, some carrying hoops, while others simply gazed around in search of mischief—and even their dirty little faces flushed with pleasure, as they stood and listened to the sweet strains of the violin. For some reason they seemed less inclined for merriment, though they could not have told why, and were content to stand and listen—enraptured, spell-bound.

At the feet of his father within the dimly lighted room sat a little boy, fairer than most children of his age, and he, too, like his less fortunate companions, listened to the music. Tears were in his eyes.

He was a beautiful child, and as he sat in his velvet suit with its rich lace collar and cuffs, his golden curls falling around his upturned face and upon his shoulders, his head resting against his father's knee, he resembled one of Vandyke's wondrous creations.

How he longed to hold, for one moment, in his sturdy young arms, that precious violin! How often had he stood for hours gazing longingly at the shelf where lay the coveted instrument! Surely in that childish heart slumbered the latent talent of a most intense musical passion! His youthful soul certainly throbbed with the sublimest yearning for all that was harmonious, beautiful and divine!

The bells in the village spire chimed eleven; across the star-strewn sky sailed the moon like some fairy vessel and it shone upon the bright rippling curls of a little child in Herr von Reichenberg's studio. He was standing upon a chair and his hand very nearly reached the black mahogany case, with its enshrined treasure, the violin, but not quite. The tiny figure

descended stealthily from the chair and ran quickly across the tiled floor, the little bare feet going pitter pat! pitter pat! and soon returned, struggling beneath the burden of a huge book. The victory was gained! Triumphant he clutched the handle of the black case, and nearer the edge of the shelf came the coveted treasure. The door creaked—the little white-robed figure turned—there was a deafening crash, and a small unconscious heap lay upon the floor. The moon shone upon the waxen features and the blue eyes, dreadfully staring but seeing nothing.

The next day the dreamy village was dreamier than ever; small groups gathered here and there told, with bated breath, again and again, that Herr von Reichenberg's child, the light of the village, the darling of many an old frau, the pet of the men, was dying.

Down the cheek of the very hardest-hearted stole hot, briny tears, while the women broke down entirely. "So young, so beautiful, and so good"—and Death was about to claim him. Little Paul von Reichenberg dying! It was too bitter, too terrible! Many were the figures that, during the day, quietly entered the cool village church, and prayed at the altar till they could pray no more, and till their hearts were well-nigh broken; and, as night drew near, the kind-faced arzt said that the child would live, but that henceforth he would be known as Paul von Reichenberg, the hunchback.

How Frau von Reichenberg prayed!

How she thanked the blessed Virgin that her child was spared! And how her prayers were echoed by the thankful villagers! Yes, and many, who never bowed the knee as suppliants, in that supreme moment released the pent-up stream of their withered hearts, and gave praise with the rest.

Many years had passed away, and it was the opening day of the great hospital—the gift of Herr Paul von Reichenberg, the world-renowned violinist—a home for all hopelessly maimed and crippled children.

The large lecture-room was crowded to the doors. Nurses glided everywhere, some wheeling chairs, from which white, pinched faces glanced piteously—a sad, unspoken appeal shining in their unnaturally bright eyes; others stooping to soothe some poor little sufferer, as the great pain made itself felt more than usual.

Suddenly there was a hush—from one of the doors issued a hunchback with gold-gray hair. In his hand was a violin. Then there was one long, loud cheer, as Herr Paul von Reichenberg stepped upon the platform. Louder rose the cheers, and still the violinist bowed and bowed again, but not until he placed his violin against his shoulder and drew his magic bow once or twice across the strings, did the cheering cease.

Air after air he played, and when his cheeks began to glow and his eyes to grow brighter with intense enthusiasm, the crowd shouted, "Long live the King! And long live good Paul von Reichenberg!"



THE WINTER CARNIVAL AT QUEBEC.

BY FAITH FENTON.

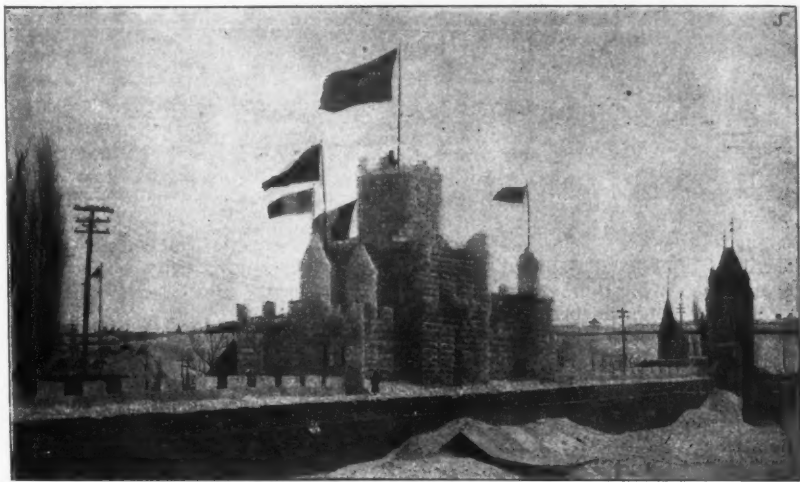
QUEBEC, in summer time, sitting high in the midst of her greyness, is a place favored by the gods.

Poets have sung of her; historians have written of her; novelists have idealized her; and artists have sat in her streets, bending over their canvas, in endeavor to transfer some small portion of her quaintness, or to catch but a feeble reflection of the unrivalled beauty of her environments.

ing in their tiny, pulsing bodies the thrill of returning summer.

Yet Quebec, in winter, has a beauty perhaps even greater than that which robes her in summer.

Cities of the south may have water and sky, magnificent stretches of plain, and dark, outlying mountain tops; other cities may possess in some degree the summer charms of grey-walled Quebec; but none but she can stand magnificent in



THE ICE PALACE.

Quebec, in summer time, with all the wondrous panorama of nature unrolled about her, is a familiar theme for brush and pen; but Quebec, in winter, is rarely written about, and little known. For with the first touch of autumn and the first breath of the bleak east wind, Quebec's summer lovers, who have paced, enraptured, her broad terrace, and thronged her narrow streets, bid a hasty adieu and hie them away, leaving the city to her greyness, her silent enwrapping of snow, and her sleep. Nor come they back until once again the birds fly northward, bring-

winter robing; none but she can wear so royally the white, glittering garments of the north.

Winter in Quebec is winter glorified, and Quebec in winter is Quebec glorified. This is of a truth. Stand on Dufferin Terrace with me,—as thousands stood during the gay carnival week in February,—and say if it is not so. Look down at the houses of Lower Town, so close to the grey rock on which we stand, that they seem to be burrowing into it for warmth. The snow has drifted from the gables, and the steep tin roofs gleam in

the sun. The narrow streets thread between the houses like bands of soft, white ribbon.

Glance beyond them to the river, crusted with white flocs dropping down with the tide. See the little ferryboat splitting her brave way across to Levis docks, leaving tortuous, dark water ribbings behind her.



ST. LOUIS GATE.

Look up the river to where it sweeps and hides itself beyond Cape Diamond. Look down it past the wide mouth of the St. Charles, and on till it breaks in curving arms about low-shored Isle Orleans. All is a dazzling, moving, snowy mass, that makes the eye grow dizzy in the watching.

Turn away, and glance up at Levis heights, with crusted fields and background of snowy hills. Take in the superb, wide sweep—the whiteness, the sparkle, and the over-arching blueness of it all.

And then turn the dazzled vision cityward. See the old, grey citadel snow-crowned; the high battlement walls agleam with ice; the narrow streets snow-piled; the steep, curving hills; the stone houses and many churches fringed with shining icicles. Climb up the grey, winding wall, and look far northward to where the old Laurentides lift their scarred snowy tops skyward.—sentinels of a formless past, mute monuments of the days when "the Spirit moved upon the face of the waters," and commanded that chaos should cease.

It is wonderful! It is wordless! The Gray Lady of the North sits amid her

whiteness, crowned Queen of Winter, and none can dispute her title.

Where should Canada's carnival be, if not in Quebec? Where should the winter revels be held save in the court of the Queen?

That we cannot hold them elsewhere, with any degree of satisfaction is assured, for there is no other city—save Winnipeg, where snow is light and scenery scant,—throughout the Dominion that can count on ice and snow, and a temperature at or below freezing point during any winter month, with a sufficient degree of surety. Quebec, in five feet of snow, with icicle-fringed walls, means Montreal powdered lightly, and Toronto—much of Ontario indeed—with no snow at all. The difference between Canadian cities in this respect is wonderful.

Yet not in climate alone does the contrast present itself.

Every city in Canada possesses strongly distinctive features, and a strongly marked individual life, based upon the conditions of its founding, its climate, its surrounding country, its religious and social bias and its race problem.

To know one city, or even one province of Canada well, is not to know Canada, save as one jewel may give knowledge of the whole store-house of precious gems.

This being the case, I think that central Canadians who object to the holding of winter carnivals in Canada, on the plea that foreigners thus obtain a wrong impression of the country, are not wise in their fear.

The ignoring of any fact will not help to advance the truth. Canada is a northern country, famed for its clear, glowing, splendid, winter months,—let us tell it out bravely, proudly, feeling assured that anyone who studies the latitudes of this broad, grand land, will understand also the vast climatic differences; so that the Queen of the North—quaint, grey, Quebec, may hold her carnival—Canada's Carnival indeed, without preventing the knowledge

of Ontario's winter mildness and summer fruitfulness, Manitoba's grain and British Columbia's balmy breezes, reaching foreigners in far off lands.

Thus it was a good and pretty thing to see the old, grey city rouse from her winter slumber and put on her gay, carnival ribbons. The grey walls and steep hills in their robe of lustrous, ice-fringed white, needed only the bright trimming of flags, and banners, evergreen arches, snow forts and cleverly carven ice-statues, to give the requisite touch of gayety. The narrow streets required only the thousands of visitors laughing happily out into the white hoariness of the air. The pleasures were

smoothness, dashing in the swift, low carioles up the hills and away over the splendid roads that environ the city, canoeing across the river between the great, slow-moving ice floes—these are ordinary winter sports to the Quebec citizens; but for carnival week they were heightened into all manner of bright racings and competitions.

Quebec abounds in snowshoe clubs, and these turned out *en masse* to throng the narrow, hilly streets, their multi-colored costumes adding much to the picturesqueness of the scene. A foreigner does not realize the fitness of the gay blanket suit to its environments until he sees it in Quebec.

The soft blanket coat, with its contrasting border and monk's-hood, the knicker-bockers of chamois or cloth, the warm, woollen stockings, the yellow moccasins, and the loosely-knotted waist scarf—these in their comfort, and license of color, with Quebec hills and Quebec's wondrous whiteness for a background, form a picture whose artistic fitness is instantly recognized.

Soft, white blankets, with borders of crimson and black; blue with its border of white; dark-green, with cream, showing crimson with relief of white; and, not the least artistic—furry, black blankets bordered with gold:—these were but a few of the varieties that made Quebec's grey and white streets a rainbow of gayety during Carnival week.

The peculiarity of such costumes is that they add much to the appearance of the wearer, both in form and face. A young man in a blanket suit is nearly always handsome, while a girl of ordinary appearance is transformed into a radiant coquette thereby. The warm, thick coat gives roundness to the figure, the tasseled tuque adds piquancy to the face, and the strong, definite colors give a tone and brightness that serve but to enhance the rosy glow of the cheeks.

Quebec arranged many attractions for her guests during carnival week; but she was perhaps unaware that the sparkling dark eyes and glowing cheeks of her demoiselles formed one of the prettiest features of the gayeties. Whether in their



ARCH NEAR C.P.R. STATION.

all ready; for the everyday sports of Quebec in winter time make the carnival-fun of the guests.

Snow-shoeing over wide, white fields, tobogganning down steep, icy slides, skating in the great rinks on ice perfect in its

coquettish blanket suits they laughed adown the steep slides, or with starry eyes and powdered hair, masqueraded upon the rink, or in lustrous gowns, danced away the hours of carnival ball, or, wrapped in rich furs, drove behind the tossing tandem teams, Quebec's pretty women were the reigning divinities of the carnival.

Among the many unique features of the week's gayeties, there were a few that were distinctly Quebecian—such as might not be seen elsewhere, even in Canada.

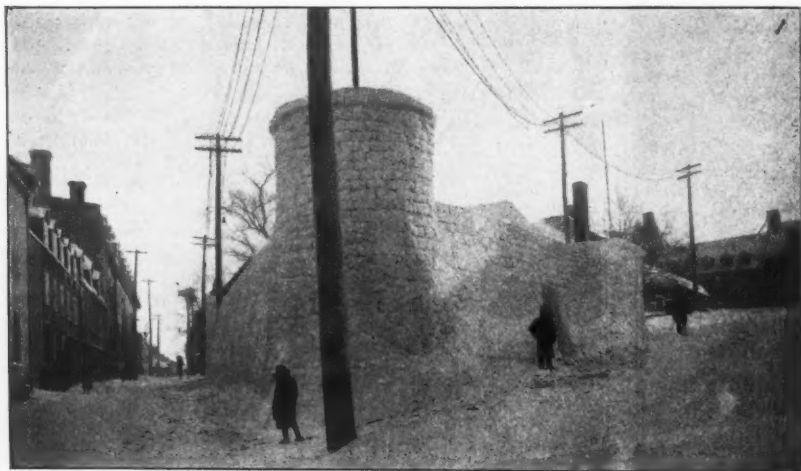
One of these was the canoe race across the St. Lawrence, from Levis to Quebec, —a race, not through clear water, nor

masses, and then turned once more toward the goal.

Again and again one or another of the daring little skiffs was hemmed in amid the ice, but a sudden split would make a thread like way of escape, and with inconceivable rapidity the canoetier would dart down it and come out into clear water once more.

It was a brief, daring, spirited little race, and at the close the first was last; for when the canoetier's hope was high, a large floe moved down upon him and he was compelled to flee before it, far down below the landing-place.

Another feature was the skating masque-



SNOW FORT—FORT CHATEAUQUAY.

yet over unbroken ice, but between great white ice floes drifting down with the tide. The distance is one mile, and from the high cliffs on either side of the river it was an easy thing to watch the race from start to finish.

Four canoes entered the race, and when the frail little boats slipped out into the narrow waterways, and darted between the great, white, moving masses, the excitement of the spectators was intense.

The drifting floes bore down upon them, until there seemed no fate for the frail bits of bark but to be crushed between the whiteness. Yet, with swift turns of the paddle, each shot down some narrow opening and gained upon the slow moving

rade. Other cities and rinks may have gay skating carnivals, but none could excel this in beauty of costumes and in fine fancy skating.

Quebec has several large rinks, and in each of these all sorts of ice contests, in hockey, curling and fancy skating, took place daily. But the Quebec rink was reserved for the especial fêtes. It is very large and well arranged, and during carnival week was a favorite resort of the many guests, who, if they cared not to skate, yet took pleasure in the splendid music and the pretty skate-dancing, which the strains of a waltz always engendered among the skaters.

On the night of the Fancy Dress Mas-

querade the great encircling galleries and lower balconies were massed with spectators eager for a glimpse at the pretty scene. The great ice floor, smooth and polished, mirrored back the gleam of the electric lights; the high rafters were hung with multi-colored flags that waved gently in the fresh breezy air. The regimental band, loaned for the occasion, changed suddenly from its operatic airs to a spirited march, and from either dressing-room, a line of pretty women with their attend-

curred a day or two later, was equally pretty. Little Lady Marjorie Gordon and the Hon. Archie Gordon, the children of the Earl and Countess of Aberdeen, led the child-skaters upon the ice. They were a merry little throng, who disported themselves with all the entertaining trickery of Cox's Brownies.

The review of the troops upon the historic Plains of Abraham, and the storming and capture of the old gray citadel—that was surely a unique spectacle and one worth journeying many miles to see. These famous plains have been partly built upon during the past few years, but the battle-ground, which is Governmental land, lies yet as it lay upon that memorable September morn a hundred years ago, when Wolfe and Montcalm met on the heights and decided the fate of Canada.

The infantry were in winter accoutrements, which, in Quebec, means with snow-shoes slung

upon the back, warm woollen scarfs of red and black wound about the neck, and wearing moccasins. The cavalry were similarly attired, but without snowshoes. This was the dress of the regulars; the volunteers had neither snow-shoes nor scarfs.

The attacking force assembled near the old Martello towers, and, at the word of command, advanced rapidly over the white plain that stretched between the towers and the steep citadel hill. The deep, ice-crusts snow broke treacherously beneath the snowshoes, but the besieging party pressed on, protected by field guns placed upon a slight eminence near one of the Martello towers.

The citadel battery thundered and blazed at the daring invaders: the covering field-pieces gave prompt reply. The besiegers rushed on over the glittering white plain and up the steep hill, their bayonets all a-shine in the winter sunlight. They scaled the fortification wall: they captured the old, grey fort, compelling its defenders to a good-natured surrender: they rang out their cheers, and the citadel was won.



KENT GATE.

ant cavaliers—each in quaint, rich costume—came gliding gracefully over the ice to execute a pretty, preparatory movement, before forming for “the Lancers.”

It is as natural for Quebec girls to skate, as it is for other women to walk, and their every movement was replete with grace. As the pretty intricacies of the dance pressed upon them, their eyes sparkled, their cheeks flushed rosy, their graceful forms swayed and curved until in their rich, quaint gowns they seemed the incarnation of the joyous spirits of the carnival.

Before the silver tinkle of the little bells, that made musical accompaniment to the final figures of the dance, had died away, and while yet the spectators stormed their plaudits, the band broke into a seductive valse, and out upon the ice streamed a carnival medley of skaters, queen and peasant, cavalier and clerical, wise men and clowns, the grave and the grotesque. The richness and variety of costumes and the fine grace of the skaters made this masquerade a revelation to southern visitors.

The children's masquerade, which oc-

It was a magnificent tableau for the city's guests—a spectacle whose effectiveness was accentuated by the pillar upon the white plain—a laurel-crowned column, whose base bore the inscription:—

HERE DIED
WOLFE
VICTORIOUS.

Quebec had erected many ice structures—statues and forts and walls; but the ice fort *par excellence*—Fort *De Glace*, the gay—was constructed upon the fortification wall near the Norman turrets of St. Louis gate and at the base of Parliament Hill. It was a well-chosen spot. On one side was the Esplanade park; on the other, the open area of Parliament Hill. St. Louis-street was below, Grand Allee above, the gateway, while the gray wall wound between. The pretty ice fort, with its turrets and loop-holes, shone a lustrous, diamond mass at noon-day—a starry radiance at night.

Because of its height, and the open area about it, the fort seemed an ever-present beauty, sending its cool flash and sparkle beyond the city and far out into Quebec environments.

The evening set apart for attacking it was a superb one for the purpose. The sky was a darkening purple, without glint of star; a faint hoariness pervaded the atmosphere, mellowing the air to softer mood. High on the gray wall the ice fort stood—a chaste creation, all a-gleam with cool, electric light. Upon either side of it shone two little redoubts. St. Louis gate, in all the grace of its Norman art, gloomed dim beside it.

The people massed beneath; their thousands filling up blackly the wide, white areas above and below the walls. The windows of Parliament building were thronged with favored guests, upon whom the search lights from St. Louis gate threw many an inquiry, revealing for an instant, some group of eager watchers, then dropping them again into darkness.

Presently down Citadel Road moved a great army of torch-bearers, snowshoers in their gay costumes, and the more soberly clad militia.

They wound in front of the great Parliament building, and down over the snowy incline, until a thousand gay assailants

were massed below the oval gleaming fort, while the militia climbed the battlements for the defence.

A rocket whizzed its way into the dark sky, and the brilliant battle began.

Rockets and Roman candles shot upward, to break in a thousand balls above the fort; little fiery snakes whizzed their way through the night, tossing in a shower of sparks upon its turrets. Shells burst and crackers flew; the white fort was under heavy fire.

It was but a moment and the retaliation began. The fort was roused to its defence, and grew chameleon in its wrath, changing its gleaming whiteness to crimson and then to emerald green. How exquisite a thing it looked—a mass of opal, fiery-hearted; again a glitter of translucent green. Bombs broke forth; yellow fires flashed out; fierce red globes fell from the loop holes, to break in showers above the daring assaulters.

Thunder and flash; a play of twisting, whizzing light; a rare kaleidoscope of color; a storm of iridescence; a carnival of the spirit of light!

How brilliant; how indescribably beautiful.

The ice fort burned opal again—her glowing heart gave strength to the redoubts on either side, and they glowed, flashed their colors, and fired their shells, like the brave little outposts that they were.

But suddenly the crimson glow began to pale. The heart of the ice fort was growing faint. The fire burned faintly; the defence grew weak, the bombs ceased, the rockets dropped. Fainter and more faint glowed the opal heart, until the last roseate tinge died out, and the ice fort stood dull and dim in the night—a desolate, defeated thing.

Then with songs, and cheering, and flaring torches, the gay besiegers mounted the battlements, silenced the little redoubts that had still kept up their firing, and taking possession of the fort, lighted it up once again, until it shone, not with the old heart of opal—for was it not a captured thing?—but with cool electric gleaming. They sent the Union Jack fluttering to the top to wave in the dark night air; they cheered a three times three, and the play was over.

GABLE ENDS.

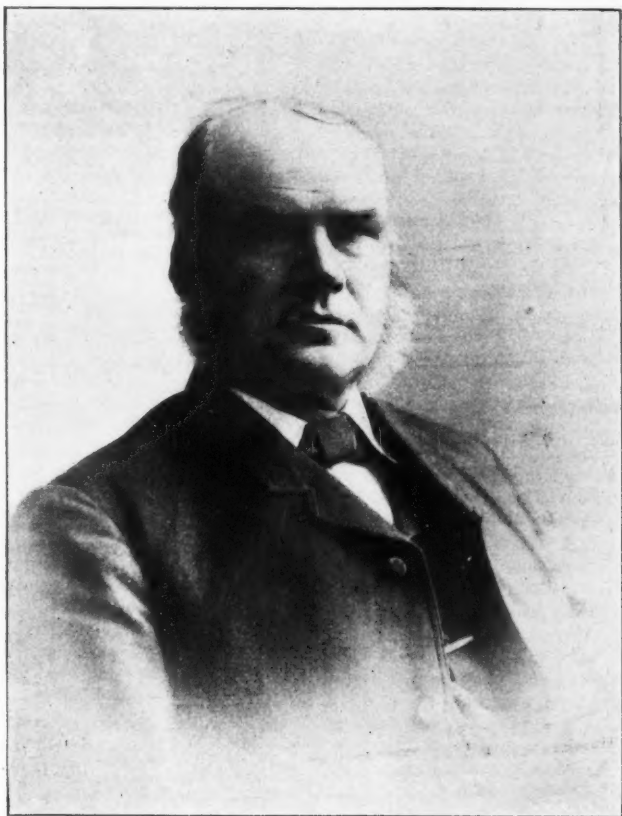
MILESTONE MOODS AND MEMORIES.

THE volumes of poetry that have emanated from the pens of Heavysege, Sangster, McGee, McLachlan, McColl, Dewart, Roberts, Campbell, Frechette and others sufficiently attest that even if we are

the average newspaper or book English

To the trio of Macs named above we have now to welcome a fourth, and this latest accession, unlike the three Macs and others on the list, is a native Canadian.

Away down by the sea, in the island of



DONALD MCCAIG.

“mere colonists”—hard, work-a-day people,—there are amongst us not only some whose tastes incline them to “court the muses,” but a goodly number who thoroughly appreciate literary composition of a higher grade than is afforded by

Cape Breton, Donald McCaig was born on the 15th of May, 1832. It is almost needless to state that his parents were Scottish—his father of Highland, and his mother of Lowland (Ayrshire) lineage. When our future poet was about four

years of age, the McCaigs removed to Upper Canada, then in the far west. They settled in Hamilton for a time, but in 1840 they found their way into the veritable bush, in the southern portion of what is now the county of Wellington. Here for fifteen years young Donald remained with his parents, assisting them to hew out a home "in the forest primeval"; but with an ardent desire to improve his educational standing he left home in 1855, during the summer session of which year he attended the Toronto Normal School. For some time after this he taught in Waterloo county, but returned to the Normal School in 1858, and succeeded in obtaining the highest grade of certificate, after which he taught in the county of Wellington until 1864. About this time he entered into partnership with his friend, Mr. McMillan, and for seven years successfully managed Rockwood Academy, an institution whose fame for a long period was more than local in the Province of Ontario. About 1871, he had the temerity to enter the lists and break a lance with no less an antagonist than John Stuart Mill. No doubt he had some trepidation as to the result, for his "Reply to Mill, on the Subjection of Women," appeared anonymously; but his fears were allayed on this score when the *Athenæum* and other high class periodicals bestowed unstinted praise on his production.

For several years subsequent to this time he acted as principal in Berlin, Galt, and Ottawa public schools, but finally gave up teaching and devoted his attention to an excellent farm, of which he had, some years previously, become proprietor, in the township of Eramosa, Wellington county. In 1886 he received the appointment of Public School Inspector for the District of Algoma, in which occupation he is at present engaged.

Although McCaig has only just blossomed as the author of a volume, it will be readily understood that he had made many Parnassian flights "long, long ago." Some of these appeared in local papers, and one of his best first saw the light in Dent's *Arcturus*. In 1885 he wrote the prize poem, "Moods of Burns," for the Toronto Caledonian Society.

The little volume bearing the alliterative title of *Milestone Moods and Memories*, from the press of Hunter, Rose &

Co., contains many truly poetic gems, notably "The Tramp," already referred to as having appeared in *Arcturus*. He has no word of scorn for the homeless wanderer—he pictures him rather as an unfortunate—as the victim of circumstances too strong for a weak will to overcome, but who, nevertheless, remained intensely human as he sat

"On a stone by the wayside, half naked and cold,
And soured in the struggle for life."

Perhaps few of us have ever given any member of what Goldsmith calls the "vagrant train" credit for retrospection any more than for providence—not so our poet, who writes:—

"But he thought, while the night, and the darkness and gloom,
That gathered around him so fast,
Hid the moon and the stars in their cloud-shrouded tomb,
Of the fair, but the far distant past!
Around him a vision of beauty arose,
Unpainted, unpencill'd by art,—
His home, father, mother, sweet peace and repose,
From the sad repertoire of the heart!"

"And brightly the visions came gliding along,
Through the warm golden gates of the day,—
With voices of childhood, and music, and song,
Like echoes from lands far away.
And the glad ringing laughter of girlhood was there,
And one 'mong the others so dear,
That o'er his life's record, too black for despair,
Flowed the sad, sacred joy of a tear!"

In the midst of thoughts like these, the tramp dies.

"In the dark, so lent night, thus his spirit had flown,
Like the sigh of a low passing breath:
Life's bubble had burst, and another gone down
In the deep, shoreless ocean of death!"

Although the poem is a short one, consisting of only eight double verses, space is too limited to quote from it any further. As an effective piece for recitation, our language holds few things in this vein that are its superior.

The first poem in the book is called *In Memoriam*, but the title is so threadbare that one hardly expects to find much under it. This poem, however, contains some beautiful thoughts, delightfully expressed, and the poet's own experiences and aspirations are evidently the theme. The first verse strikes the key note:

"The shadows lengthen, and the sinking sun
Gilds the far mountain with a golden crest;
The autumn clouds stretch motionless and dun,
Like cold, grey ocean in the distant West.
With sixty years of life gone o'er my head,
I sit and dream of all those years have seen,—
Of the strange paths by which my steps were
led,
Up to this hour, by hill and valley green,
With varying aims and hopes that eist had
been."

In Memoriam is one of the longest and most pretentious poems in the book, but it seems to us to be marred by the introduction of a score or more of verses, which, though highly spirited in themselves, and well worthy of a place in the book as a distinct poem, appear to have strayed in here quite accidentally, and to hold their position by right of possession merely. We cannot forbear quoting from *In Memoriam* two or three of the best stanzas we have ever seen by way of apostrophe to Canada. The first is on page 11:

"My dear loved land! thou all in all to me
Of home or country woven through my life,
Till all its texture now is part of thee,
Chased with the flowers of joy, the scars of
strife!

In younger days I longed for other climes,
In song or story, more for glory meet.
O Bonnie Doon, like far cathedral chimes,
How seemed thy song to me, the sole retreat
Of that strange sorrow of which pain is sweet!

"But now I ask no other land afar,
I know no other clime so bright as this;
What now I am, what we together are,
I must remain, I can no other be;
For I but bear the color, sense and sound,—
The mingled woof and warp of joy and tears,—
The wrong and right of Time's unchanging
round,

That stone by stone, to monument it veers,
The all we feel and suffer through the years."

And the concluding verse of the poem on page 18 is still more noble, more pathetic:

"Dear Canada, my home! my song is sung,
A poor, weak tribute which I leave with thee;
I dreamt of nobler things when life was young,
But now 'tis all, but if the time should be
When nobler bard may touch a higher strain,
Or wiser seer have brighter tale to tell,
When thou has travailed through thy birth of
pain,
If thou on this in retrospection dwell,
'Tis all I ask, Dear Land, Farewell! Farewell!"

Surely this is true poetry and true patriotism, without any rant about flags, and beavers, and maple leaves!

Not a Poet is one of the choicest things

things in the book. It is truly philosophy in verse. The closing lines are really beautiful:—

"But do not the wings of morning
Wait upon the darkest night?
Is there not a sun still shining
Always on the shores of light?"

Judge him kindly, if he wanders
From the line so plain to thee.
What to some is truth unquestioned,
He may strangely fail to see.

You may stand where others left you;
He has on and onward trod,
Till no chart will show his bearing—
Is he farther, then, from God?"

We can only refer by name to a few of the other excellent poems in this book.

These include *The Old Sugar Camp*, *My Island Home*, *Waiting, Too Late*, *Love in a Cottage*, *Wayfarers*, *Questionings*, *Evening*, and *A Grandfather's Christmas*.

Mr. McCaig has made a few attempts in "lighter vein," and while all are readable, and some of them passably good, he is not successful as a humorous poet. The *Epistle to a Plagiarist* should have been omitted; *To Sandy McSnooisean* would 'never be missed,' and while there are many good lines in *The Age of Progress*, the longest piece in the book, its value is an extremely doubtful quantity. Of *Evolution*; or *the New Philosophy of the Unconditioned*, nothing need be said, except that it is unworthy of the author, and this is saying a good deal.

Mechanically, the book is quite creditable to the publishers.

Taken all in all, it may be honestly said that "Milestone Moods and Memories" is a treat of no usual character to the lovers of poesy, and the author may safely enough congratulate himself on having written therein many things that his countrymen will not soon, or, at any time, willingly allow to be forgotten. Mr. McCaig, in his preface, which is as ingenious as it is original, says: "All I have ever hoped for in my most sanguine moments has been, that when Canada has outgrown her novitiate, when she has a literature of her own, and a standing among the nations of the earth, I might be recognized as one who had, in her then long ago, seen some beauty in Nature, some grandeur in country and home, some

greatness in God, and something of heaven in the face of woman, and had, in some sort worth remembering, recorded his convictions." It is safe to say that such recognition will be freely and fully accorded to the author of *Milestone Moods and Memories*.

DAVID BOYLE.

ON MOSS PARK RINK BY NIGHT.

[It may be well to remark that Moss Park Rink, at the foot of Pembroke Street, in the very heart of Toronto, is formed of a portion of the course of a little winding stream that has been long filled up and built upon elsewhere. With its gently sloping banks dotted with trees, and pretty much as nature left them, it makes, when flooded over, in the sharp, bracing, clear-sparkling nights of a Canadian winter "cold snap," a very attractive skating rink.]

Hurrah! the Rink is a mirror of ice;
And we clamp on our Acme skates in a trice;
Then putting forth an adventurous foot,
Away like a gale of wind we shoot,
Rivalling the speed of him who bore,
As fables feign, Jove's errands of yore;
While his own wild will each skater follows
O'er the frozen stream, as in summer the swallows.
And hither, thither—left and right,
We curve and swerve, and poise and wheel,
Seeking, with hearts and faces bright,
Pleasure and health on the gleaming steel.

Let poets harp on the "rolling main;"
We'll sing the jubilant crystal plain,
With its merry skaters in winter gear,
And its band of music to charm the ear.
Hurrah for the Rink with its pretty fleet!
For not half so graceful, half so neat,
Are white ships scudding before the gale,
As bonnie young lassies "under sail,"
While trimly, primly—left and right—
They curve and swerve, and poise and wheel,
Seeking, with hearts and faces bright,
Pleasure and health on the gleaming steel.

'Tis a scene of enchantment as wondrous quite
As ever beheld in "Arabian Night;"
A picture on ice in its frame of snow,
Of Canadian youth with health aglow;
Figures gracefully, mazily, circling around,
Swaying this way and that to the melody's sound;
While the light, tho' electric and brightly gleaming,
Is excelled by the glances from soft eyes beaming,
As spurring, flirting—left and right—
We curve and swerve, and poise and wheel,
Seeking, with hearts and faces bright,
Pleasure and health on the gleaming steel.

Light holiday hearts, whence care hath flown,
 Here are belles with their beaux, and some with none ;
 While the very stars that some mystic link
 Ties up in clusters, "tip us the wink!"
 Ha! ha! how the hot cheek glows and swells,
 As if pricked by invisible icicles!
 How the young blood courses, rushing, bounding,
 As we sail our airy circles rounding!
 As racing, chasing—left and right—
 We curve and swerve, and poise and wheel,
 Seeking, with hearts and faces bright,
 Pleasure and health on the gleaming steel.

So brisk is the air to the sharpened sense,
 'Twould seem, in sooth, even did we dispense
 With merry maidens' laughter-knells—
 Ringing with peals of fairy bells!
 And briskly, merrily, to and fro,
 With or against the wind we go,
 Lads and lasses in couples and single,
 While the nimble sandals clink and jingle,
 As airily, fairly—left and right—
 We curve and swerve, and poise and wheel,
 Seeking, with hearts and faces bright,
 Pleasure and health on the gleaming steel.

'Tis a busy scene: let us stand and gaze.
 'Tis the mimic of a mightier maze;
 'Tis the great world's epitome;
 And here fortune is fickle too, for see—
 Yonder our champion skater down,
 Coming to grief and endangering his "crown;"
 Others tripping, colliding, or apologizing—
 While we wax cold a-philosophizing!
 So laughing, chaffing—left and right—
 We curve and swerve, and poise and wheel,
 Seeking, with hearts and faces bright,
 Pleasure and health on the gleaming steel.

Bump! down we too go! an easy case.
 Our skates seem not in their proper place!
 And lo! how the cracks divergent fly—
 Shooting stars in the fishes' sky,
 That flee, no doubt, from the omen dread.
 Ha! ha! belike we have cracked our head,
 As well as the ice. How one's fancy grows tipsy,
 And gallops waywardly, like a gypsy,
 As bustling, jostling—left and right—
 We curve and swerve, and poise and wheel,
 Seeking, with hearts and faces bright,
 Pleasure and health on the gleaming steel!

WILLIAM KAY.

SCIENTIFIC NOTES.

The usefulness of a free, public, astronomical observatory is being discussed in the cities of New York and Boston. In the former, efforts are being made to accomplish the purpose of appealing to those who have means, and are willing to expend a portion of their wealth in the furtherance of popular schemes for educating their fellows. In the latter, the Boston Scientific Society is taking the lead. A paper on the subject was read by Dr. S. C. Chandler, of Harvard. He argued that a public observatory would not only "have its value as a scientific missionary feature," but that, in competent hands, with a moderate expenditure, the public taste in this department would be appeased, and the service of astronomy could be advanced in a way which is very much needed. All that is being said for the scheme in Boston can be said for such a scheme in Toronto, the centre of the educational interests of the Province, and the seat of many schools and colleges, and two universities, none of which possess a telescope. For a small sum, comparatively speaking, a really useful observatory could be built and equipped. Such an equipment would be lasting in its value, and the perennial source of blessing not only to the students, but to the public, the larger proportion of which must be directly interested in astronomy, the most charming of sciences within its reach.

The Rev. T. E. Espin, F.R.A.S., is to be congratulated upon the manner in which he has edited a new edition of Webb's *Celestial Objects for Common Telescopes*. This book, which has been pronounced a classic, should be in the hands of every observer, to whom it is simply invaluable. Mr. Espin is issuing it in two parts: the first is devoted to the sun, planets, moon, comets and meteors, and the second to the stars. The editor has done well in inserting in the first volume (just received from Longmans, Green & Co.) two entirely new chapters,

the one on celestial photography, the other on the spectroscope as applied to the telescope, both well written. The hints as to photography are already being availed of by several members of the Toronto Astronomical Society, which Mr. Espin, in his preface, thanks for having appointed a special committee to make suggestions, which were inserted by the editor when he undertook the work, which must have been a labor of love. The first volume is embellished by an excellent photograph of the late Prebendary Webb, who laid all astronomers, but especially amateurs, under a debt of lasting obligation.

It is interesting to learn that Lippmann, of Paris, is still making progress in his investigations having for their purpose the photographing of objects in their true colors. He has recently communicated a paper on the subject to The French Academy of Sciences, the contents of which have not been made public.

Speaking of this, reminds us that a photographer has discovered that by interposing screens of green and yellow glass between the combinations of the lens in a camera, it has been found to be possible to translate the colors of Nature into correct monochrome values; with long exposures, special plates are not necessary. If the yellow be placed behind the green screen, in the proper position, the correction required is secured.

The two most interesting planets observable are Jupiter and Saturn; the former is still in excellent position; the latter is rapidly becoming better situated for study. Saturn's rings are opening out and the planet presents now an aspect much more interesting, from the general observer's standpoint, than he has for some years. Venus has become a morning-star. Mercury has just ceased to be an object easily visible in the West after sunset.

—G. E. L.

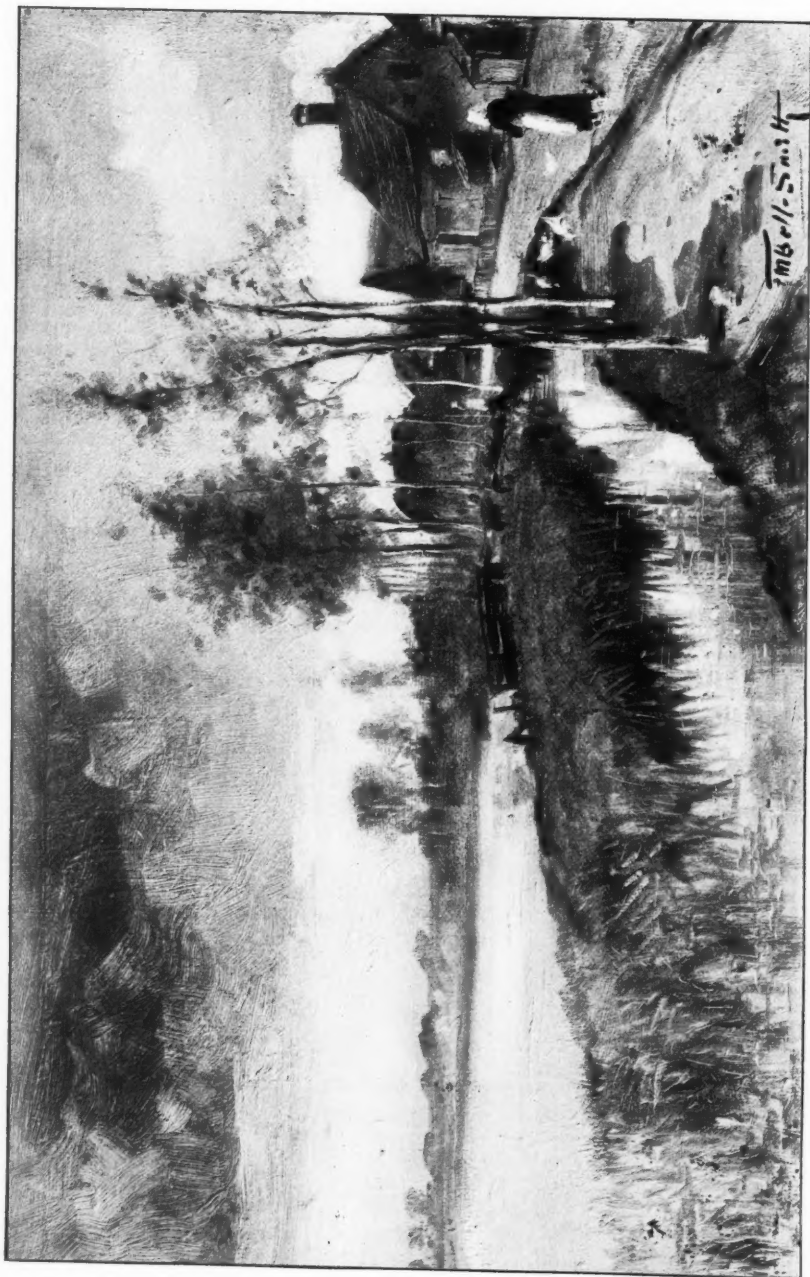


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AT SUNSET.